

THE FLOWING FOUNTAIN OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.—SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

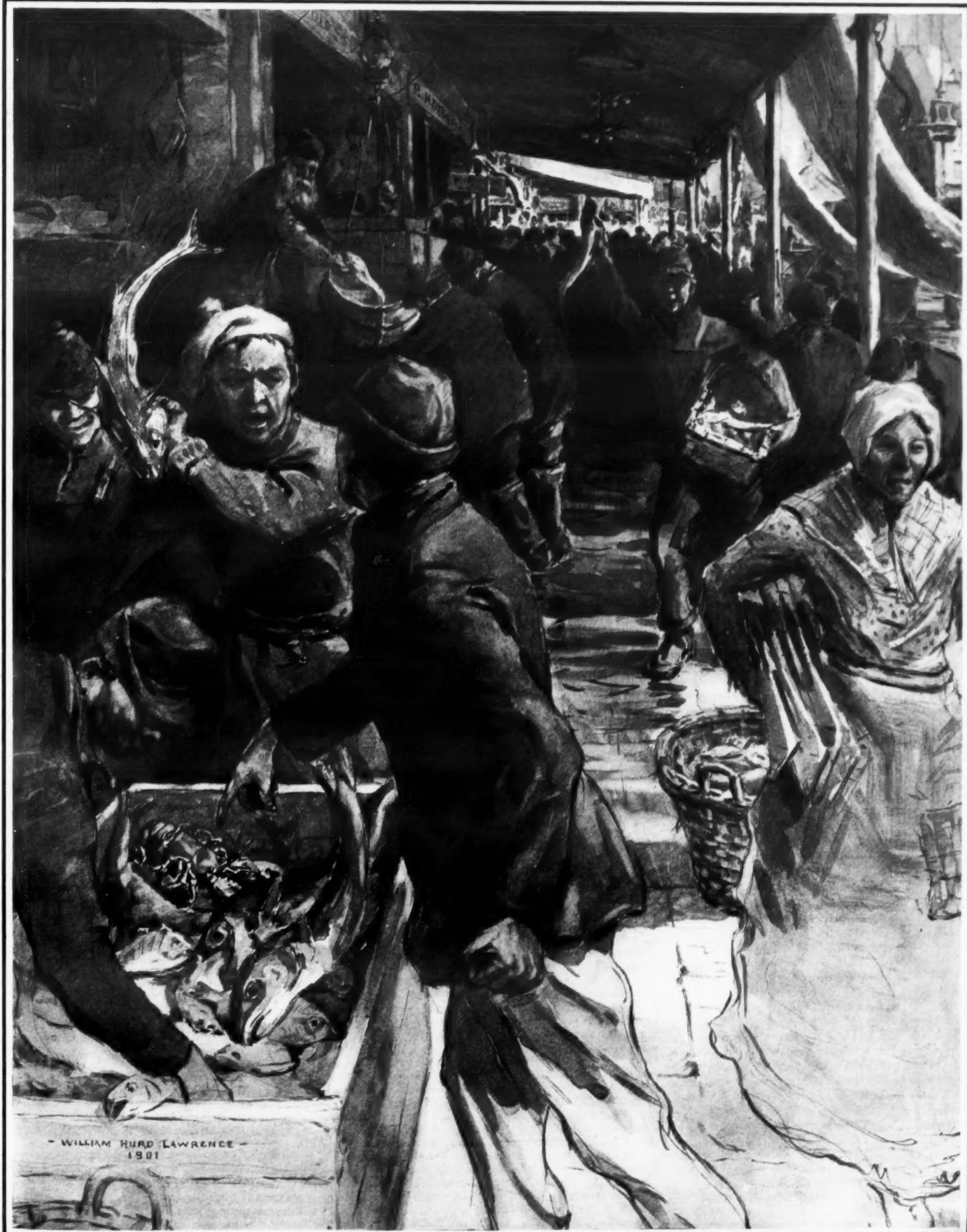
LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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THE BUSY FISH MARKET DURING THE LENTEN SEASON.

AN EARLY-MORNING SCENE AT NEW YORK'S GREAT SEA-FOOD MARKET ON THE EAST RIVER.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY"
BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE.—[SEE PAGE 312.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly in the United States.

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The Shame of Christendom.

(Contributed Article to *Leslie's Weekly*.)

GUY MORRISON WALKER, FORMERLY OF PEKING.

civilization to become modernized it was the expression of a desperate determination to return to the old ways, even if to accomplish that result it became necessary to extirpate everything identified with Western civilization. As the uprising spread, the nearest object at hand representing our civilization was always the native convert, and thousands of them paid with their lives the price of their fidelity to a foreign faith, while other thousands, who saved their lives by flight or hiding lost their entire earthly possessions.

It is stipulated in our treaties with China that natives shall have the right to embrace the Christian religion and that they shall not be persecuted therefor. The plunder and murder of native Christians on account of their religion, or because their religion identified them in the popular mind with foreigners, was therefore as much a breach of our treaties as was the attempt to drive our nationals from the country. Under these treaties it is not only our right, but it is our duty, to demand punishment and indemnity as much for one breach as for another. Shall we stigmatize ourselves by magnifying one breach of these treaties because it concerns national interests, and ignore another by abandoning to their fate those natives who have suffered because, at our earnest solicitation, they accepted the Christian faith?

It is admitted by all that but for the aid of the native Christians in Peking during the siege the legations would have succumbed to the Boxer attack. Minister Conger, in his note of thanks to the American missionaries just after the relief force had arrived, said that he expressed the "universal sentiment of the diplomatic corps" when he stated his and their "sincere appreciation and profound gratitude for the inestimable help" which "the native Christian had rendered toward our preservation." "Without your planning," he added, "and the uncomplaining execution of the Chinese, our salvation would have been impossible."

During the siege scores of these native Christians were killed, and now the survivors, the wives, children and dependent relatives of those who laid down their lives defending our people are asked to return to their burned and pillaged homes and begin life over again, with no other compensation for their losses than our prayers and our good wishes, while for our own people we demand the ransom of kings.

Where is the gratitude of Christendom? Is it possible that it proposes to ignore the losses of these heroic Chinese Christians, who by their tireless and uncomplaining work preserved the legations, but who, in so doing, were compelled to abandon their homes and their properties to be plundered and robbed by the same bands that looted and destroyed the missions? These natives, by their devotion to their foreign friends, lost all. Shall their humble homes not be rebuilt, while for ourselves we seize the deserted palaces of Peking, valuable tracts of city property, and fail even to respect the sanctity of China's ancient temples?

The record of blood and rapine, of outrage and loot made by our armies in China must prove an almost insurmountable obstacle to the Christian propaganda in the future, but what success dare we hope for it, if to this record the Christian Powers add a shameless abandonment

(Continued on page 313.)

Whither Are We Drifting?

THE appropriations which the Congress of 1899-1901, which expired on March 4th this year, made were \$710,150,862 in its first session, and \$729,911,083 in its second, or \$1,440,062,545 in all. This is a far larger amount of money than was ever set apart for disbursement by any one Congress since the Civil War, except during the war with Spain. It betrays an extravagance and a recklessness which portend ill for the country, and may bring calamity to the party in power.

President Arthur in 1882 vetoed a river and harbor bill which called for an appropriation of \$18,743,875, his principal objection being to the size of the appropriation. The river and harbor bill, as it passed the House in the recent session, called for about \$60,000,000, or more than the government's aggregate expenditure in the year 1855 and previous years. The bill was talked to death in the closing hours of Congress by Senator Carter, of Montana, at the request, it was rumored at the time, of the President, who wanted to be spared the necessity of vetoing it.

There is peril for the Republicans in such reckless outlays as were authorized by the Congress which has just expired. The Congress of 1882 passed the river and harbor bill over President Arthur's veto in August of that year. The Republican party, then in control of both branches, was overwhelmingly beaten in the election for the House of Representatives three months later. Of course the Conkling-Garfield feud of the previous year was chiefly responsible for the Republican defeat in 1882, but the extravagant appropriations contributed toward that overthrow.

The country had a billion-dollar Congress in 1890. The Congress which has just stepped down threatened at one time to give the country a billion-dollar session. The appropriations for the two sessions of the Congress were only \$60,000,000 short of the billion-and-a-half mark, and the river and harbor bill would have bridged that gap if it had passed. The Republicans, who were in control of the billion-dollar Congress, got a disastrous defeat in the election for the House of Representatives in 1890, just after the close of its first and calamitous session. That defeat was a prelude to the overthrow of 1892, when Cleveland beat Harrison, just as the reverse of 1882 foreshadowed Cleveland's defeat of Blaine in 1884.

On the surface of things the Republicans seem to be far more strongly entrenched in power now than they were in 1882 or 1890. Some lightening transformations, however, have taken place in the politics of this country more than once in the past twenty-five years. Short periods of power have been the rule for both parties for a quarter of a century. Through the blunders of the Democracy in 1896 and 1900 this rule has just been broken by triumphs for the Republicans in two successive Presidential canvases. These particular blunders, though, can never be made again. In their present position and temper, the chances are that the Democrats will make no serious mistakes in the next year or two at least.

Let the Republicans beware. On a large and rapidly-increasing number of American voters party ties sit lightly these days. A Congressional election takes place in a little over a year and a half. If the Democrats should carry the country for Congress in 1902 all precedents show that they will carry the country for President and Congress in 1904.

A Great New York Anniversary.

THE New York Tribune the other day, in speaking of the coming St. Louis international exposition, remarked that "New York is ready to help you, and is in no hurry to have a world's fair of its own."

Possibly New York may be constrained to have a world's fair, or something like it, of its own within a short time. A very great anniversary for New York and the entire United States will come eight years hence. That will be the 300th anniversary of one of the most important events in the history of the New World.

On September 11th, 1609, the English navigator Henry Hudson, then in the service of Holland, entered the harbor now known as New York, with his 80-ton *Half Moon*, smaller than most of the yachts of the present day, and sailed up the river which bears his name. Hudson was looking for a short cut to Asia by water, and imagined he had found it until he got up near the head of navigation at Albany.

Verrazano, a Florentine in the service of Francis I. of France, skirting the Atlantic coast as early as 1524, is believed to have entered New York Bay. Hudson, however, was the first white man who ever entered that harbor and told anything about it. Moreover, his entrance had immediate and lasting consequences. It gave Holland the claim which she set up to the region between the Connecticut and the Delaware, led to her colonization of that territory, which she called New Netherland, furnished that Dutch ingredient which has given an element of solidity and stability to the polyglot American race, and contributed to New Amsterdam, the chief city of New Netherland and of the present United States, that dash of cosmopolitanism and toleration which have from the beginning given it a distinctive place among American communities.

The year 1609 saw still another occurrence in the limits of the present State of New York which had a mighty influence on the history of the New World. Just six weeks before Hudson and his *Half Moon* drifted in through the Narrows, or on July 30th, Samuel de Champlain (who gave his name to the lake discovered by him that year), head of the French colony in Canada, leading the Algonquins against the Iroquois (then the Five Nations, later the Six Nations), defeated a party of the Mohawks, of that confederation, at the spot since known as Ticonderoga.

That battle had a momentous influence on the history of the Western hemisphere. It started the bloody feud between the French and the Iroquois, the "Romans of the West," the most formidable warriors of the New World; arrayed them first on the side of the Dutch, the earliest settlers of New York, and then on the side of the English, who took the Dutch possessions; threw a living wall across the path of the French advance to the southward from Canada, guarded the English settlements in the days of their feebleness; permitted the Thirteen Colonies to gain the strength which gave them twenty times the inhabi-

ants that the French had in Canada at the time the final phase in the Anglo-French struggle for supremacy came in 1756-1763, and thus led to the expulsion of France from the American continent, and prepared the way for the creation of the United States.

The year 1609 is a great date-mark in the history of the English-speaking race, particularly in that of its American branch. Its three-hundredth anniversary deserves national, or international, recognition. The only sort of recognition which would seem to be adequate to the occasion would take the form of a demonstration like that which Chicago had in 1893, and like that which St. Louis is to have in 1903.

Possibly New York may find it necessary to have a world's fair in 1909. Nothing of the sort is thought of now. This is because the mighty events of which that year will be a centennial anniversary are not in the popular mind.

The Plain Truth.

THE best evidence of the substantial prosperity of the South and West has been given by Mr. George J. Gould, the able and observant president of the Missouri Pacific Railroad and the leading mind in all of the great Gould corporations. After an extended tour of inspection of his railroad lines in the West and South, Mr. Gould reported that he saw on every hand the material proofs of great prosperity, that the banks in even the small towns of Texas and the other Southwestern States were filled with money, and that cotton and all other products of that section were selling at unusually profitable prices. The marvelous prosperity which he found so generally in the South and West surprised him, and Mr. Gould did not hesitate to say that conditions justified the highest hopes of the growth and development of a vast section of our country, in which there is abundant room for expansion. It is a significant fact that business reports from the South, the West, and the Pacific coast are of the most encouraging character, and that if a halt in prosperous conditions is noticeable anywhere in the country, it is only occasionally in spots in the East.

Practical wisdom and sound common sense to a marked and unusual degree characterized an address made by Dr. J. L. Gardner before an audience in a Connecticut village one evening recently. The remarks of the doctor are capable of such a wide application in American village life that they deserve to be passed along. The question under discussion was the needs of the village and how to supply them. Dr. Gardner's reply to this was, in substance, that there should be more marrying and giving in marriage, a more generous and loyal patronage of local industries, and a more progressive and public-spirited policy with reference to local improvements. It was pointed out that the only prosperous and growing section in many country villages was the graveyard. A little boom in the matrimonial line, it was said, would not only help to keep down the average in mortality rates, but would incidentally encourage the grocer, the dairyman, and almost every other branch of business. It was also advised that they should close up their typhoid-breeding old wells and have a better water-supply system, organize a local board of trade, establish a town court, and develop a spirit of local pride in both the past and the future of the town. Every town, it was remarked, has its fossils and antediluvians that impede the wheels of progress but they fall after a while, and the march of improvement goes on. A board of trade would not be out of place even in a small community where there are mill-sites and water-powers, with added electrical innovations of power light, and heat. Much stress was also laid upon giving patronage to local tradesmen instead of going out of town for "every shoe-string and ribbon." Many American villages would find it to their advantage in every way to put these suggestions into immediate practice.

An unprecedented record in the vetoing of bills is being made by Governor Odell, of New York. Unlike many of his predecessors, he has given notice that he does not seek an early adjournment of the Legislature, but prefers that it shall take all the time it needs to do its work thoroughly and well. Governor Odell started out with a business man's purpose to give to the State a business-like administration. To this end he declared an intention to reduce taxation and to eliminate unnecessary and extravagant expenditures. He set himself a very difficult task. Abundant revelations certify to the correctness of this statement. One of these was the recent disclosure that a metal furniture company in the western part of the State, in which certain State officials are said to have an interest, recently secured a contract, without advertising or competition, to put \$13,000 worth of new furniture in the State controller's office. When this disclosure was made, the deputy controller undertook to put the blame on State Architect Heins, one of the ablest and most honorable men who has ever held office in our State government. This effort proved futile, and the responsibility still attaches to the controller's department. Next, disclosures were made regarding sub-cellars deals and combinations in various contracts, by which prominent members of both parties reap a substantial profit. Two of Governor Odell's corporation measures were found to have been tinkered with and "liberalized" while on their passage through the Legislature. The Senator White charter, for second-class cities, supposed to be one of the best products of the reform legislation of last winter, was discovered to have a clause in it which absolutely prevented free competition for electric and gas lighting in most of the cities of the second class. Senator White's attention was called to this flagrant violation of the rights of the people, and he charged that some one had meddled with the bill while on its passage. If so, his first duty is to offer a bill to remedy the evil, otherwise the blame will be his. It is evident that Governor Odell has no easy task on hand in accomplishing his avowed purposes, but the passage of several of the best of his tax bills, the repeal of the Ramapo special-privileges act, and the reduction by half in State taxes, all testify to the Governor's ability to surmount the most serious obstacles. His work has only begun, and if he will pursue the course on which he has started, and refuse to be turned aside by friend or foe, he will make a record such as few Governors have made, and one that will justify the hope of his friends for still higher promotion for him. Public office still continues to be a public trust.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—THAT progressive, skilled, and successful business management will continue to mark the history of the great Western railway system known familiarly as the "C. B. & Q." is assured by the election of Mr. George B. Harris to the presidency of that corporation, succeeding Mr. C. E. Perkins. It is understood that Mr. Perkins will remain in office as a director of the company, and will give it the benefit of his influence and business experience as before. Mr. Harris has been connected with the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system for about twenty-five years. From 1885 to 1890 he was assistant to the president of the Chicago, Burlington and Northern, then

MR. GEORGE B. HARRIS, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO, BURLINGTON AND QUINCY RAILROAD.

became successively general manager, vice-president, and president of the same road. He now holds the last named, besides executive positions on other lines of the system. He has been second vice-president of the road of which he is now the head since 1890. His present preferment has therefore come to him in the natural order of things, but is no less a personal recognition of his faithfulness, ability, and eminent fitness for the position.

—A wedding which attracted attention on both sides of the water was that of the Duke of Westminster to Miss Shelagh Cornwallis-West, which took place in London on February 10th. The wedding had been arranged to take place earlier, but was postponed in consequence of the death of Queen Victoria. The duke is not yet twenty-two, and is handsome, rich, and popular. He went to South Africa early in the Boer war, and was at the front in several hard-fought battles, and showed himself to be a brave man and a true soldier. He returned from Cape Town only a short time before his marriage. The bride has been known as one of the brightest, wittiest, and prettiest girls in London society. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. William Cornwallis-West, of Ruthven Castle. She is two years older than the duke. Her sister is Princess Henry of Pless. Her only brother married Lady Randolph Churchill last year, an event which excited much comment at the time.

—The pleasing and popular programme which Mr. Andrew Carnegie laid out for himself some time ago, of giving away a public library or two each day of his life, was varied somewhat on the day of his departure for Europe, March 13th, by the announcement of a \$5,000,000 gift for various benevolent purposes in Pittsburgh. The Smoky City has been made happy on several different occasions before by gifts from Mr. Carnegie of a million or more at a time, but never before has it received so large a benefaction in one sum. According to Mr. Carnegie's expressed wishes, \$1,000,000 of this donation is to go toward the maintenance of libraries

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, THE MOST GENEROUS AMERICAN.

already established by him at Braddock, Homestead, and Duquesne, suburbs of Pittsburgh where the men formerly employed by him reside, and the other \$4,000,000 to a permanent fund, the income of which is to provide for employés who may be injured in the service of the Carnegie Company or for their families if they are killed: and also "to provide small pensions or aids to such employés as, after long and creditable service, through exceptional circumstances need such help in their old age and who make good use of it." If any surplus accumulates after these provisions are met, it is to be divided, under similar conditions, among workmen in other mills. Accompanying the gift were two letters from Mr. Carnegie, one addressed to the Carnegie Company, and the other to the people of

Pittsburg, both breathing a truly noble and lofty spirit. In the first, Mr. Carnegie dwelt upon the deep regret which he felt in parting from his workmen and business associates, and said: "I make this first use of surplus wealth upon retiring from business as an acknowledgment of the deep debt which I owe to the workmen who have contributed so greatly to my success." In his letter to the people he spoke of his deep and abiding affection for the city of his birth and the purposes which had animated him in making his various gifts, and concluded with these notable words: "My treasure is still with you; my heart is still with you, and how best to serve Pittsburg is the question which recurs to me almost every day of my life." Happy is the city that can claim such a citizen! The city of New York has also cause for deep gratitude for Mr. Carnegie's later gift of \$5,200,000 for the establishment of sixty-five branches of the public library, the city to provide sites and maintenances. Mr. Carnegie's most stupendous gift of all, according to rumor, will be the endowment of a technical school at Pittsburg to the amount of \$25,000,000.

—The wedding-bells have never sounded out more merrily over the land of dikes and windmills than they did on Febru-



QUEEN WILHELMINA, OF HOLLAND, TAKING A LAST DRIVE BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

ary 7th, when they announced the marriage of the fair and graceful young Queen Wilhelmina to her chosen mate, Duke Henry of Mecklenberg-Schwerin. Such rejoicings, such merry-makings, such gay processions and pompous and impressive ceremonials Holland had never witnessed before. From the Zuyder Zee to the German line all the land was happy over the happiness that had come to the beloved Wilhelmina. Our portrait represents the Queen as she appeared on the streets of her capital the day before her marriage, her last public appearance before the ceremony. With her is the Queen-mother. Queen Wilhelmina has always been fond of out-door life, and especially of horseback-riding. The Prince Consort is a noted sportsman, and so the wedded pair are likely to have congenial tastes in this direction, as in others. On the whole, the married life of Wilhelmina begins under favorable auspices. She has already shown herself to be a young woman of strong character and determined views, quite competent to rule the Netherlands wisely and well.

—The small but noisy band of pessimists who for the past few years have been filling the air with wailings over the alleged degeneracy of almost every American, and have affected to believe that the changes in business methods and conditions in recent years had rendered preferment and success for young men increasingly difficult, if not impossible, will find a strong refutation of their fallacies in the career of Mr. George W. Perkins, who has just been admitted to partnership in the great banking firms of which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is the head. Mr. Perkins's rise to fortune cannot be put down as a mere stroke of good luck, such as might never happen to any one else, but has come about in a perfectly natural and legitimate way as the result of faithfulness, integrity, and a large fund of special knowledge acquired by years of close



GEORGE W. PERKINS, ONCE AN OFFICE-BOY, NOW A MEMBER OF THE GREATEST FIRM OF FINANCIERS.

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald.

and earnest application to one line of duty. Mr. Perkins was born in Chicago in 1862, and began his upward course at the age of fifteen as an office-boy in the employment of the New York Life Insurance Company, his father being a general agent of that organization. In succeeding years he was advanced from one position to another until, under the splendidly successful administration of President John A. McCall, he became second vice-president of the New York Life, a member of its board of trustees, and chairman of its finance committee. His new connection with the house of J. Pierpont Morgan & Company is said to be in the line of his activity in the New York Life's financial affairs. Mr. Perkins is also a director of the National

City Bank, the New York Security and Trust Company, and is chairman of the New Jersey commission for preserving the Palisades. His success is a fitting tribute to industry, integrity, and intellect.

—The accompanying photograph presents a most accurate likeness of Professor Samuel Porter, brother of the former

president of Yale, Noah Porter, and emeritus professor of mental science and English philology in Gallaudet College for the Deaf, Washington, D. C., who was made the oldest living graduate of Yale by the death of Seman W. Cutler, which took place very recently. Professor Porter, Mr. Cutler, and the late Judge Siliman were members of the class graduated in 1829, but Siliman and Cutler were a few years Porter's senior, and were

therefore, the oldest graduates. Shortly after being graduated Porter engaged in teaching the deaf in the first school established for them in America—the Hartford (Conn.) school. He served in the capacity from 1832 to 1836, when he accepted a similar position in the New York School for the Deaf, but resigned in 1846 to return to the Hartford school, where he remained until 1866, and while here was editor of *The Annals of the Deaf* from 1854 to 1860. In 1866 he accepted a professorship in the National College for the Deaf, now Gallaudet College, established by the government under the direction of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, son of the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, founder of the instruction of deaf mutes in America. Professor Porter was born at Farmington, Conn., January 9th, 1810, and has consequently just passed the ninety-first milestone. He is hale and hearty, and though on the retired list of professors since 1884, he still performs many duties daily in connection with the college. Having never married, he has made his home in the college building, and there he still resides.

—It will not be disputed that President McKinley named a singularly competent person and a gentleman of the highest

character when he selected Colonel William Carey Sanger, of New York, to succeed Mr. Meiklejohn, of Nebraska, as Assistant Secretary of War. That the appointment will be specially agreeable to Secretary Root may go without saying, since he and Colonel Sanger have long been on terms of close personal intimacy. Colonel Sanger's training, experience, and associations have been such as to qualify him for the important post to which he has now been assigned. He has been for many years identified with military affairs in New York State. He went abroad

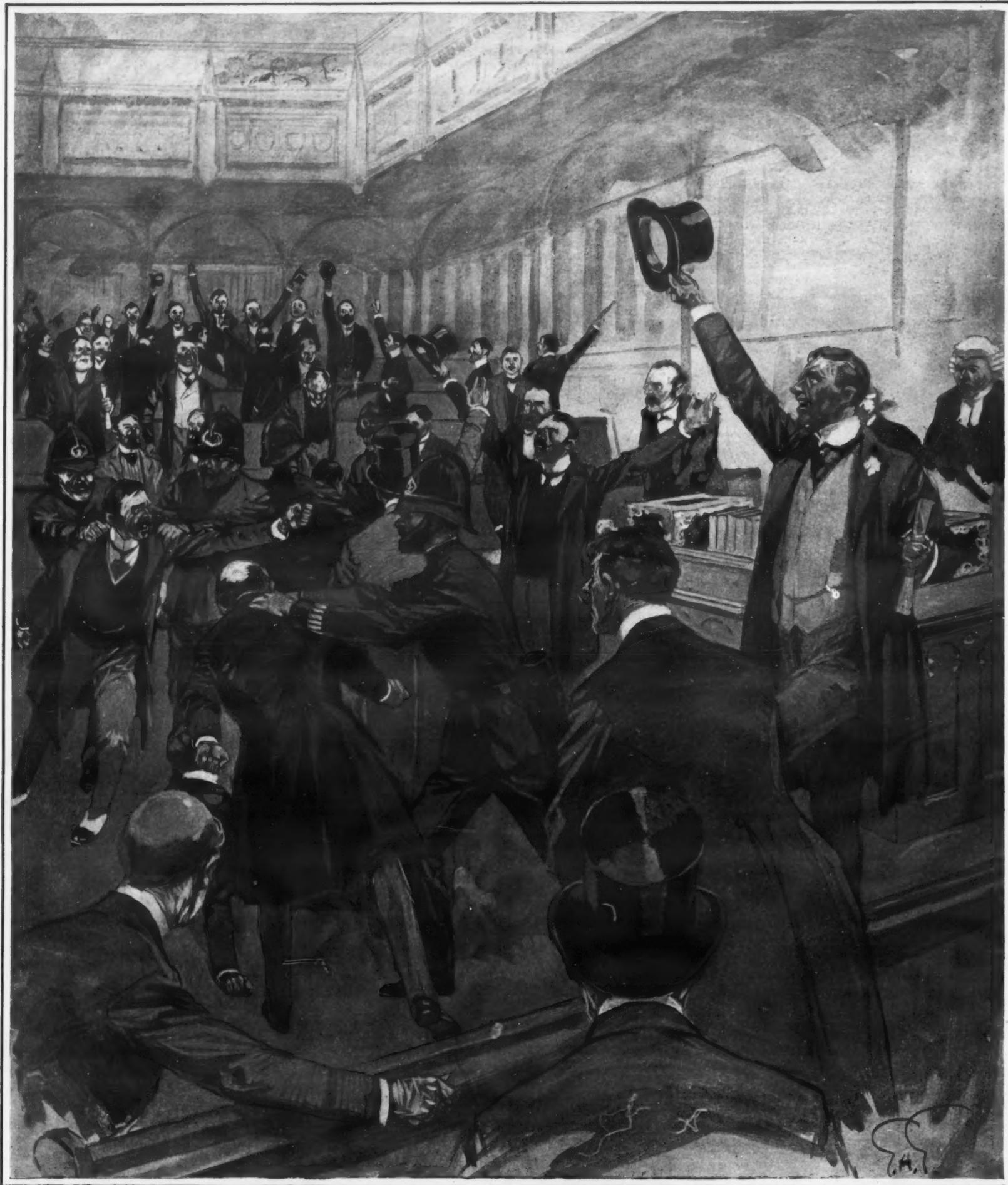
last year under official instruction from Governor Roosevelt and Secretary Root to inquire into the British system of auxiliary forces. At the outbreak of the war with Spain he was sent by Adjutant-General Tillingshast, of New York, to report on the first mobilization of the army at Chickamauga. He was afterward provost-marshal at Camp Black. Colonel Sanger was a member of the New York Legislature for three terms, and made a record for himself in that capacity as an able and incorruptible representative of the people, in refreshing contrast to many of his New York associates.

—The long line of able and distinguished Americans who have represented this country at the court of Austria will be maintained in the new appointment to this post recently made by President McKinley. Mr. Robert S. McCormick, the new envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Vienna, is a member of the well-known Chicago family of that name. He comes to the position with a valuable store of experience gathered as secretary of the United States legation in London during Robert Lincoln's term as minister at the English court. Mr. McCormick is a prominent and popular figure in the highest circles in Chicago, is president of the Chicago Golf Club, and a member of many other social, literary, and business

organizations. He is also widely known as a lover and collector of rare books. Mrs. McCormick is a daughter of Joseph Medill, founder of the *Chicago Tribune*.



HON. ROBERT S. M. CORMICK, RECENTLY APPOINTED MINISTER TO AUSTRIA BY PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

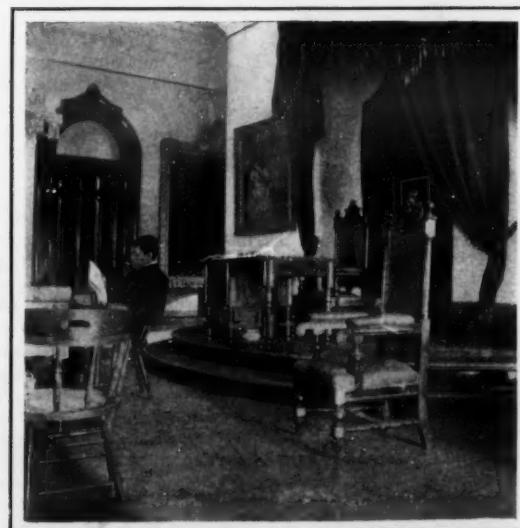


SINGING "GOD SAVE IRELAND" IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SPECTACLE CREATED BY THE FORCIBLE REMOVAL OF A SCORE OF IRISH MEMBERS WHO REFUSED TO VOTE ON AN EDUCATIONAL MEASURE.
Drawn for "Leslie's Weekly" by Gordon H. Grant.



DR. NICHOLAS RUSSEL, A NATIVE OF RUSSIA, WHO PRESIDES OVER THE HAWAIIAN SENATE.



HAWAII'S HISTORIC THRONE, NOW THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR, IN THE COLONIAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



SPEAKER AKINA, A CHINESE-HAWAIIAN HALF-CASTE, PRESIDING OVER THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT HONOLULU.

HAWAII'S FIRST TERRITORIAL LEGISLATURE.

THE MEMBERS, NATIVES OF MANY DIFFERENT COUNTRIES, FAVOR AN ADMIXTURE OF SINGLE-TAX AND SOCIALISTIC LEGISLATION.—[SEE PAGE 300.]
Photographed by Our Staff Photographer at Honolulu.



A WINTER BAPTISM IN RUSSIA—MEN AND WOMEN, NEARLY UNCLOTHED, PLUNGE THRICE UNDER THE ICE, TO PROVE THEIR FAITH.
[SEE PAGE 312.]



KEEN WINTER SPORT AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.
SNOW AND COLD HAVE NO TERRORS FOR SPORTSMEN WHO ENJOY SNIPE-SHOOTING.—Drawn for "Leslie's Weekly" by F. Cresson Schell.

AMERICAN RULE IN CONQUERED PEKING.

(*Staff Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.*)

PEKING, CHINA, February 16th, 1901.—Everybody knows how Peking has been conquered, but the world has not been told how conquered Peking is ruled. Since the occupation by the allies Peking has been divided into separate sections for government by the military representatives of the various Powers actively represented. The manner of handling the people, the success or failure of the methods employed by the various nations, are matters of deep interest which throw a side light not only on the characteristics and ideals of the various countries, but on their adaptability to new conditions or suitability for civilizing the backward peoples of the earth.

America, England, and Japan are beyond a doubt the most successful in handling the people, in gaining their confidence, and inducing them to resume their occupations. Russia, Germany, Austria, and Italy have proved themselves to be more arbitrary, and either careless or ignorant of those general principles of abstract justice which are the heart of modern civilization. They have acted as conquerors. What restrain them have shown has been a matter of international courtesy rather than an educated national policy during a crisis toward a semi-barbarous conquered people.

The United States controls the great southwestern corner of the Chinese city, a division which extends from the Chien-Men Street to the western wall, and from the great market street (now called Avenue A), which leads to the western gate, down to the south wall of Peking. There are perhaps 200,000 people in this densely populated human hive, and yet toward the south wall are many open fields carefully cultivated, and, rising on hillocks, a liberal supply of temples. Captain J. C. F. Tillson, Fourteenth United States Infantry, is provost-marshall of this district. To carry out his orders and police the district he has two companies of infantry and one troop of cavalry, and an additional force of about 160 native policemen. The United States has another great section in the Tartar city, but of that I will speak separately.

At the very outset Captain Tillson selected an advisory board of official Chinese and men of wealth. These men have local interests at stake, are familiar with the municipal institutions, and several of them were intrusted by the Chinese government with funds for the conduct of city affairs during its absence. Their function has been of an advisory nature, while proclamations are issued directly by the provost-marshall, and the local control is absolutely in his hands.

When Captain Tillson entered his new domain it was a desolate net-work of filthy alleys, strewn with corpses and mainly peopled by diseased beggars and filthy curs. The vast horde of people had fled in terror, and the remaining population was huddled in dens behind barricaded doors. A putrid ditch in his district was pregnant with all the plagues. The rage for loot was in men's hearts, and soldiers of every nation overran the city, and the Chinese rabble joined in the mad rush for property left without a protector. It is difficult to imagine a more distracting problem than that of reducing this chaos to order, restoring confidence among a terror-stricken population, inducing the return of the fugitives, controlling the rampant lawlessness, and, in a word, bringing about the normal condition of steady industry, with its great ebb and flow of that tide of camel and cart trains which bring to the people within the walls the means of sustaining life. This is a great tide which begins to flow through the gates long before the dawn, and continues to ebb outward to the plains for hours after the sun has set.

Captain Tillson took strenuous means to obtain his ends, but they were wise measures, and they succeeded. A cordon of sentries was placed around the district, that kept out all marauding soldiers of other nations. The streets were cleared of the dead, and raids were made on homeless curs. Then a proclamation was issued, which told the people that order was to be maintained, and life and property respected. They were not merely invited to open their shop doors, but commanded to do so, even if nothing was left to sell. When this proclamation went into effect sentries patrolled the streets, and every closed door was ordered to be instantly thrown open. Nor would a half door or trading through a hole like a ticket-office window suffice; the doors had to be opened wide and the shutters taken down, to prove to all the world that the reign of terror had ended, and to show the Chinese shop owners that the new government was capable of preserving order and protecting property.

For a long time the progress was slow. This great metropolitan patient had suffered a severe attack, and convalescence was gradual. But once the city's arteries were cleansed from the poison of putrid dead, and freed from the fever of loot and license, the health of renewed confidence and hope brought fresh blood into the system, and gradually the pulse of trade began to beat until the normal circulation of a great human centre has been at last restored.

The two main factors in the continued peaceful conditions are the subservient and industrious nature of the people, and the never-ceasing vigilance of a well-organized police force. The cavalry furnish the guards for the western and southwestern gates. At present a detail goes to each gate and remains there for ten days, when it is relieved by a fresh one. A continual cavalry detail which patrols up and down the narrow streets, north and south and east and west, is ever watching the people, ready to settle disputes, make arrests, or gallop to the nearest police station for the guard, should the disturbance be beyond the control of one man. Infantry patrols go out at regular intervals. There are two American and four Chinese police-stations within the district. The force of 160 Chinese policemen has been selected by the property-owners in the districts where they have been employed. They have been paid directly by the property-owners, but have been under the direct control of the provost-marshall. However, the new provisional government has decided that in future they shall be directly incorporated with the system of police, paid directly and disciplined by the local commanding officer. Sentries are placed at night on the main market street as a safeguard to property, while there, also, the main force of Chinese policemen patrol.

When I visited Captain Tillson the record of criminal cases

for the last twelve days was only seventeen. Several of these days had no arrests at all. The majority were for petty theft, but a few cases of assault were interlarded. Murder and the more violent crimes seem to be very uncommon, at least in this district. Intimately connected with the police duty has been the cleaning of streets and the enforcing of rules relating to the removal of garbage. The ordinary Chinese system of human deposits all over the streets, left to be gathered by the collectors of ordure, has been vigorously suppressed, though one cannot say that it is yet extinct. Men with receptacles on their backs gather up this soil with a spade, others sweep the streets, and a system of carts removes the accumulations from houses, which are placed by order out on the street. It is the best that can be done, and were the people but sufficiently educated to understand the value of a proper observance of their duty in this matter a perfectly sanitary system would be the result. But they are filthy and careless, and utterly lack those civilized instincts which proclaim certain practices as disgusting and indecent.

One of the best things accomplished by Captain Tillson has been the cleaning of the great ditch, which was choked with every conceivable abomination. After submitting the matter to the engineer department, which proclaimed the task impossible without tremendous expenditure, Captain Tillson had a gang of Chinese clean it down to the very bricks which formed its sides and walls. This menace to public health was removed for about \$500 Mexican. The money for the public administration of the United States district in the Chinese city has come, so far, from two sources—\$1,000 Mexican raised by a direct tax of 300 cash (about seventy-five cents Mexican) per individual of the shop-keeping and wealthier classes, and 150 cash per head on the middle class; and \$2,200 Mexican obtained by fines imposed in the police court. In future the provisional government will be supplied with funds by Prince Ching, out of money furnished either by the imperial government or raised by local taxation.

I have ridden all over this great district with Captain Tillson. The most interesting places which we visited were the three stations for feeding the poor, and the poor-house, where residents and patients are admitted. It was in every man's mind that this winter would be a terrible ordeal to the Chinese poor of Peking. General Chaffee ordered the commandeering of all granaries within the two American districts. Besides the merchants' grain stores in the Chinese and Tartar cities, the imperial granaries in the courts leading to the sacred city were seized by the Americans. In the case of grain seized in a mercantile store, when the proper owner was located, such of his grain as the army required has been paid for, or a proper guarantee of payment rendered. The imperial granaries are rightly considered the spoils of war, and a better use cannot be made of their contents than its free distribution to the deserving poor.

As the people returned to Peking and learned that the allies would trade with them, their commercial instincts were aroused. Once the fact was thoroughly established that the Japanese, Americans, and English would afford protection to life and property, and pay for all the food supplies that they needed, the population of Peking swelled rapidly and the traffic with the camps increased apace. But a greater good was effected when the people of Chih-li decided to harvest their crops and resume their market routes to Peking. The harvest was late, but the fine weather preserved the fields of grain, the fruit was unharmed, and even with the great consumption of food-stuffs there continues to be abundance of everything, including the choicest vegetables and fruit.

Every nation has its poor, and China is no exception. Indeed, the barrier between comparative well-being and absolute want is, with millions of Chinese, but a few copper cash. The Chinese coolie can find his millet or rice, and buy his corner in a crowded room for a whole month for less than an American workman's wage of one day. It is easy to cross this slender barrier to absolute want. Peking has its aged and infirm poor, its myriads of beggars with their sores and palsies, real and sham, its temporary destitutes, and its winter population of poor peasants. A system of caring for the poor has been conducted in Peking by the Chinese. When Captain Tillson brought up the matter of assisting the poor, before his advisory board, he learned that a revival of existing institutions would meet the necessities of the case. These consist of the poor-house, a place of residence for destitute and aged paupers, and three feeding-stations, at which two meals a day are supplied free to all comers.

We first went to the feeding-station in Avenue F, and witnessed the feeding of 900 persons. A Chinese official received us with many smiles, and conducted us within the court-yards and buildings. Two great iron boilers were filled with hot, steaming porridge made of millet, a favorite food with the people, and very nourishing. These are in a gateway, and guarded by a rail. Between the rail and the wall is a passage which is just wide enough for the crowd to filter through in single file. Within the rail stand the Chinese serving-men armed with great spoons to fill each bowl or flagon presented. We passed the serving-men and entered a large court-yard surrounded by buildings and walls. At one end a barred gate held back the seething crowd. One of the buildings is set aside for homeless ones to enjoy their meals within its shelter, but the great majority carry their steaming bowls to their dens, where they are shared with the other poor members of the household. When the food is issued the serving-man asks the pauper "For how many?" and fills the bowl with a supply for the number stated.

When the gate was opened the crowd was in no haste, but gradually filled the court-yard. Under the direction of the presiding mandarin several Chinese policemen formed the crowd into two divisions, women and female children or infants in arms on one side, and men and boys on the other. They filed through separate doorways into rooms, each with its big boilers full of millet. It was noticeable that there were very few men in the crowd. Women, ranging from old, toothless hags through all the ages of matronhood, many carrying children, down to maidens in their 'teens and little toddling girls, were in the great majority. The boys made a merry lit-

tle crowd. One was so small that a great, big policeman led him by the hand. Another tiny thing was crying as if his heart would follow the example of his bowl and break into a hundred pieces. I took the privilege of mocking him to make him howl the more, and after recording his grief with my camera I gave him a silver dollar to mend his feelings and the bowl. In the shelter-house the old crones gathered in the dim light around the square brick stoves. From the round vent which opens into the room a tongue of vivid flame licked the air and cast pale reflections on their withered, outstretched hands. We watched the contented faces for a while as they filed out over their steaming bowls, then mounted our ponies and rode to the feeding-station in Avenue A.

In the American district beggars are not allowed on the streets. There is a standing order that all beggars shall be arrested and taken to the poor-house whether they will or not. All cases of destitution are treated in the same way. Thus at F Avenue station the crowd, though poor, was more or less decent, and in some cases even slightly washed. But Avenue A is a main thoroughfare, and on the north side of it the German section begins. Here the crowd was a terrible thing for a human being to look upon—a hideous aggregation of lame, halt, and blind, with every conceivable loathsome disease, and costumes of rags and filth that baffle description. When we arrived this hideous crowd of ghouls was penned up in a building awaiting the order to line out for food. In the court yard were several Chinese officers of police and about a dozen of the watchmen. When this stream of human misery surged forth into the broad daylight I recoiled with a loathing that I never thought to feel for humankind. To describe it accurately would be to debase language and revolt you needlessly. A great pile of thick, padded, new garments lay on the stones, and as the worst of these creatures passed out with their food a new suit was handed out to each. It was with a feeling of relief that I moved away from this terrible sight. On the very doorsteps close by were some white-bearded patriarchs who were compelled to satisfy hunger and fortify themselves against the cold without moving a step farther away.

Our next destination was the Mohammedan eating house, which adjoins their mosque. Here the crowd was more like that at the first station, and there were a great many lusty, healthy children in its midst. We did not wait to see them fed, but examined the mosque and talked with one of the priests. He was clad in a long, gray Chinese robe, and wore a mitre-shaped wide blue cap. The interior is not Chinese in effect, but is much like the mosques that I saw in Port Said. The building is almost square, and is lighted by a row of dull windows on each side. Rows of wooden pillars uphold the structure, which has an air of dull misery. A solitary figure was prostrate on hands and knees, with face to the ground in silent worship.

To reach the poor-house we had to ride across a section of the open farming country just within the city walls. From the level plain rise many mounds and hillocks, on which are dwellings and temples. The temple grounds are walled in with strong masonry, and approached through gateways elaborately wrought in tiles and bricks. The rough tracks, beaten down by camel trains, wind among these picturesque clusters of old buildings which frequently tower on either side, surmounting buttressed banks of earth which rise sheer from the road. Sometimes we rode below quaint arches which joined the buildings overhead. A great golden sun was sinking in the west, casting a warm light over the cold, snow-covered fields and filtering through the slender mulberry groves. A stately camel train wound slowly among the hillocks, the tinkling of the camel-bells came softly through the still air. To pass from evil smelling hordes of degraded humanity to the utter peace and sweetness of this scene, and breathe the cool, clear air, relieved the senses and soothed one's harried feelings.

We rode up a little hill between cemented banks of earth surmounted by a temple wall with great trees overhanging, and stopped before a gate. Within, to the right, are the endless compounds and out-buildings of a Buddhist temple, and to the left the long, low buildings for the poor. Before the first of these we found a group of men exchanging their rags for clean padded garments. Among them were four great bulking fellows, not yet middle aged, who at once attracted Captain Tillson's attention. But two of them proved to be coolies employed on the premises, and the other two had just recovered from sickness and were temporarily inmates of the institution.

The next building is long and low in front. The usual Chinese paper windows run all along the front. Within is a long brick platform, built about two feet high and extending the full length of the building and from the back wall to within five feet of the front. Within this brick structure run heating flues. The contrivance is called a *khang*; the Chinese have them in all their houses and squat or recline upon them in the day-time, then sleep upon them at night. From one end to the other of this long platform, ranged in rows three deep, sat a body of patriarchs, with legs crossed and faces gazing vacantly at the dim paper windows. It was like a vast hot-house for growing human plants. When the door was opened and we looked in, there was no more motion than the rustle of a few leaves in a conservatory.

And this is their life—to sit thus stolidly and await death. They are allowed to walk in the grounds, but I have not seen them in motion; only sitting like rows of potted plants in this warm, fetid air, a hot-house of withering humanity. But there was another house, a chamber of horrors. We went to the door and turned away in disgust. The awful things from the streets are collected here for treatment by a Chinese doctor. A brave heart may be forgiven for turning in fear from leprosy and the awful filth diseases of Asia. Here in China is a ghastly ignorance of medicine that allows disease to rot the vitals of the very race itself. If ever a really great mission lay before the civilized world it does now. It were better to organize missions for the teaching of sanitation and the science of medicine, than to worry this people with abstract ideas of a faith that they neither want nor understand.

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

Hawaii's Queer Law-makers.

HONOLULU, March 6th, 1901.—The first Territorial Legislature of Hawaii, the first ever elected in the islands by universal manhood suffrage, is now in session. In many respects it is a very remarkable body, and its first few days of meeting brought forth some remarkable proceedings. A clear majority of the members chosen in the first American election in the islands won their seats under the leadership of anti-annexationists and royalists, though at the present time no member is more ready with Fourth-of-July oratory about the American Constitution than the Hawaiian legislator, no matter what his party. A majority of the legislators in both houses are of the Hawaiian race. Nearly half of the members do not understand English.

The speaker of the House, Hon. J. A. Akina, is a Chinese-Hawaiian half-caste, born on the island of Kauai, and elected from a district on that island. The president of the Senate is Dr. Nicholas Russel, of the island of Hawaii, a white man of Russian descent. In the House there are twenty-three full-blooded, or nearly full-blooded, Hawaiians, and seven white men, twenty of the whole number having been elected on the ticket of the Kuakoa Home Rula—Home-rule party—led by the royalist, R. W. Wilcox, now Hawaiian delegate to Congress, and nine Republicans, with one man who was elected on an independent ticket of his own. The Senate has six Republicans and nine Home Rulers.

The meeting-place of the lower house is the old throne-room of the Hawaiian monarchy, and the speaker sits on the throne. Behind him is a portrait of the late Princess Kaiulani, heir apparent. On one side is a large oil-painting of Queen Kamamalu, wife of Kamehameha II., and on the other a similar likeness of Kelama, wife of the third Kamehameha. Life-size oil-paintings of Hawaiian monarchs look down upon these American legislators from the walls all round them, and the trappings of royalty are everywhere in evidence. Crowns and sceptres, shields and coats-of-arms in gilt make the legislative hall almost gorgeous, and one might imagine that Speaker Akina is monarch surrounded by his nobles, as many a Hawaiian monarch has been on the same soil, and some in the very same seat.

The Independent Home Rulers have control of both houses. In caucus they have decided that they will introduce in the Territory of Hawaii the South Carolina liquor-dispensary system, a tax law that is to be a combination of single-tax and income-tax theories, an election law based on proportional representation, city and county governments, and a law prohibiting lepers and consumptives from landing in the Territory.

One of the first things this Legislature did was to summarily eject from its floor the secretary of the Territory, Henry E. Cooper. Cooper took a seat at a desk in front of the speaker with a stenographer, and, in accordance with instructions from Washington, as he understood them, he proposed to take a stenographic report of the doings of the House, and send it to the President. His appearance was taken as an intrusion, a violation of the sacred doctrine that the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments of the government must be kept separate, and, after long debate with the Republicans, the Independents passed a motion requesting him to leave. He addressed the chair, saying that he would do so only under escort of the sergeant-at-arms, and that official was duly ordered to escort him. It was a highly dramatic beginning of the sessions of the Legislature.

A. G. M. Robertson is the leader of the Republican minority in the House, and he has proved a difficult man for the majority to cope with. He has been in several Legislatures of Hawaii before, and has the advantage of having made the rules of 1898, under which proceedings are had, so that he is the readiest parliamentarian in the House.

Of course the statehood bee is buzzing in the Hawaiian bonnet. The United States has never had a Territory in which this did not happen immediately after the organization of territorial government. A resolution asking Congress for Hawaiian statehood has been for some time before the Legislature, but yesterday a motion was offered to table the resolution, and President Russel cast the deciding vote in favor of the motion. For this he was rebuked by Senator Brown, who was ordered to surrender the floor. This Mr. Brown refused to do, and the sergeant-at-arms was directed to arrest him. The speedy adjournment of the Senate was all that prevented Messrs. Brown and Russel from coming to blows.

M.

Li Hung Chang the Greatest of All Chinese Looters.

(Special Correspondence of *Leslie's Weekly*.)

PEKING, February 8th, 1901.—That Li Hung Chang, the veteran warrior, statesman, and corruptionist, has neither lost his cunning nor his avarice with advancing age is shown by the following, which comes from unquestioned native sources:

Earl Li was appointed viceroy of Canton last spring, only a short time before the Boxer uprising broke out in the North. The old viceroy had been in Canton for only five months when he was recalled to Peking to again become viceroy of Chih li and peace commissioner. There was considerable delay in arranging transportation facilities satisfactory to Earl Li, and when he sailed he requested the escort of a foreign gun-boat. The reason for the old viceroy's anxiety over his transportation arrangements was because of the large sum that he had "squeezed" out of the natives during his short term at Canton, and without which he absolutely refused to sail. When he did sail, the boat that carried him from Canton to Shanghai took on board 1,000,000 taels of silver bullion, valued at almost \$750,000, which represented his accumulations during his short stay of five months.

A large part of this was secured by Earl Li through a deal with a syndicate of the leading merchants of Canton. The viceroy had proposed that in consideration of the sum of 4,000,000 taels, to be paid in installments, he would relieve them from the payment of transit duties on goods transported across the country by them, and place in their hands the imposition of this tax upon other shippers. This would have given the syndicate

an absolute monopoly on all trade around Canton. The syndicate eagerly accepted Li Hung Chang's proposition and paid the first installment to the wily viceroy, but when they attempted to reimburse themselves by collecting the transit-tax from independent shippers they were met with such opposition that they were forced to give it up. They appealed to the viceroy to return the installment they had paid in advance, but he indignantly refused and threatened to hold them for the unpaid installments as they might fall due.

Had the old viceroy not been recalled to Peking the outcome would have been uncertain. The members of the syndicate, being largely engaged in shipping, have those peculiar relations that all Chinese shippers have with the piratical fleets that swarm their coasts, and the reason Earl Li was so anxious to have the escort of a foreign war-vessel was to make sure that he would be able to get away with his ill-gotten pelf. There have been many attempts to estimate the wealth of Li Hung Chang. The fact that he was able to get away from Canton with 1,000,000 taels as the result of a five-months' stay would indicate that it is large.

For twenty-five years Li Hung Chang was viceroy of the province of Chih li, that surrounds the capital. He was guardian of the Emperor, and every official from any part of the empire who was called up for an audience with the throne or any of the governmental departments, during those long years, was forced to pay tribute to Earl Li. That he has taken advantage of this magnificent opportunity to "squeeze" all mandarins of high or low degree is not doubted. In addition, the old earl is known as the greatest owner of pawnshops in China. For the last quarter of a century he has habitually invested all his capital in the pawnbroking business. His income from this source must have been enormous, since the ordinary business rates of interest in China range from twenty to thirty per cent.

It has been freely charged against Earl Li that his agreement to the large indemnity paid to Japan at the close of the recent war was secured by ways that were peculiarly Oriental, and which added largely to the viceroy's cash resources. This same thing has been charged against him in connection with the agreements made with Russia. It is said that the old earl was forced to part with large sums in order to secure his audience with the Empress dowager when he was disgraced after the Japanese war, but that he surrendered a sum large enough to embarrass him, or that bears any appreciable proportion to the total he had been accumulating for so many years, is not probable. It is said that the viceroy's chief fear at present is that he may die before the indemnities for the recent outrages have been settled, and thus be deprived of what he regards as the chance of his lifetime.

Some idea of the possibilities of such accumulation that come to a Chinese official may be gathered from the fact that Liang-Ki, who was prime minister during the reign of Emperor Hwan Ti, accumulated one of the greatest fortunes of which we have record in history. His arrogance and exactions increased with his wealth until they were both unbearable, and the Emperor ordered him killed. His treasures of money which had caused his destruction were seized and confiscated to the state, and when they were counted it was found that they amounted to over 300,000,000 taels. The addition of this immense sum to the imperial treasury resulted in such a plethora of royal funds that throughout the whole empire all taxes were remitted for one year.

R. A. W.

King Edward and the American Lad.

SOMEWHOW over sixteen years ago a small boy was trudging up the sands at Cannes, dragging behind him a small toy yacht which had failed to sail on the ruffled waters. Somewhere in the distance the little chap's bonne was busily engaged in talking to a gentleman's gentleman. So the boy felt lonely, for his yacht wouldn't work and he didn't have any one in whom to confide his troubles. He sat down on the sand and proceeded to make himself thoroughly miserable. It isn't very hard to do that, and the boy succeeded very easily. As he was engaged in doing so a shadow fell across the sand at the boy's feet, and the owner of the shadow looked down and inquired as to the cause of the tears. The boy resented being interfered with in his mopes, so he told the owner of the shadow that he wanted his bonne to come to him and he wouldn't go to her. The man laughed and went over toward the bonne. When he returned with her the small boy didn't want her, but noticed that she was wreathed in smiles. She gathered him up in her arms and called him a "little darling," which he very properly resented, and asked the gentleman to make her stop. This the gentleman did, and tried once more to talk to the boy. He started with the time-worn phrase of "What's your name, my boy?"

The boy looked up and recited his name. Recited is used advisedly, as he was blessed with eight names, being the eldest son of the family. After the eight names were enumerated, each checked off on a chubby finger, the boy asked: "Well, what's your name?" The gentleman laughed. "Oh, they call me 'Teddy' in London." "That so? Why, my second name's Theodore, and they call me 'Teddy' sometimes," exclaimed the boy. "Then we'll be the two Teddies at Cannes," said the gentleman, and passed on. Of course, the bonne, duly excited, informed the small boy that the gentleman was the Prince of Wales, and that he would be King of England when Queen Victoria died. This did not impress the boy, for when he saw the gentleman passing down to a yacht's gig a day later he called out to "Teddy," and was answered by a smile and a little chat, while an impatient yacht-owner waited for the coming of his royal guest. That evening a smiling and obsequious landlord mounted to the door of the suite occupied by the boy's mother. He bore a salver, and on that salver was a large box of bon-bons, in which a simple card said that "Teddy sends little Teddy some bon-bons." Shortly after this the boy and his mother passed on down the Riviera to Nice, and the little boy quite forgot "Teddy."

But four years later, in the company of a tutor, the boy, who now considered himself quite grown up, was passing through the corridors of the Hotel de Ritz, in Paris. As he did so they passed a large group of people who were laughing and chatting gayly with a gentleman in their midst. A face

from out the past sprang up in the boy's mind, and he swiftly crossed from his tutor's side over to the group.

"Hello, Teddy!" he said, looking up at the gentleman. For a second the brows were knitted, and then the older Teddy answered:

"Well, of all people! Here's little Teddy from Cannes," and forthwith he must be told all about the four years between. He laughed to the group that here was a youth who had names enough to gain him admittance into the "Almanach de Gotha," and begged the boy to repeat them. But the boy would not, and said that he "wasn't using but three of them any more."

The two Teddies saw each other quite frequently during that year, for both were in England, and the country-house where the smaller Teddy stayed with his folks was but a little way across country from Sandringham, and grooms frequently found their way across the country with little presents of game and, now and then, a box of French bon-bons for Teddy. Sometimes, even, the big Teddy came across the small Teddy on horseback, accompanied by his groom, and there would be little conversations. But not until the little Teddy gravely informed his big friend that he was crossing the ocean to America did the big Teddy know that his small friend was an American, for he never connected him with America, and had always adjudged him a small Briton.

Little Teddy is going back on a trip to England next year, and he wonders if, when presented to the then King of England, he will say "Hello, Teddy," as he did in the corridor of the Hotel de Ritz in Paris. That it will be in his heart and on his lips there is no doubt.

A. T. H. K.

Cycle Interest Not Decreasing.

Soon after the pneumatic-tired bicycle made its appearance the world suddenly awoke to the fact that it was in possession of a new and wonderfully convenient means of locomotion, and began to make use of it with all possible haste. The modern wheel came upon humanity like an unannounced comet, and the subsequent pell-mell rush to take advantage of the benefits it offered has, in view of more recent conditions, been rather aptly termed a craze. It is true that the newly-found instrumentality which made the human body a source of motive power many times stronger than that available in walking proved irresistibly fascinating to multitudes of people, men and women, young and old; but its sudden spring into popularity was hardly of the craze character, if by craze is meant that sort of deranged enthusiasm which, without sense or reason, blindly takes up with this or that passing whim or freak of faddism.

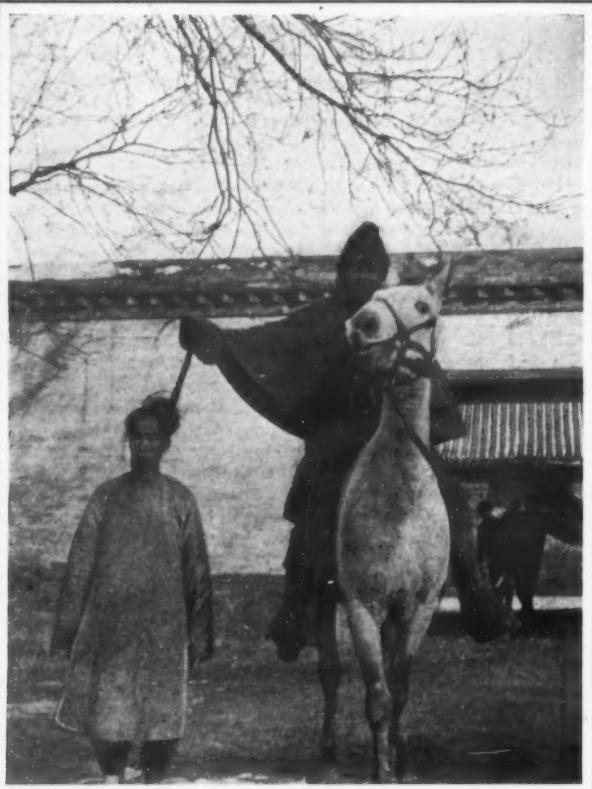
It was natural enough that the attractions of wheeling should have proved so alluring that a great many young persons of both sexes for a time were more inclined to live to cycle than to use the cycle as an aid to improved living. There was some overdoing, no doubt, and there certainly was an inordinate amount of "wheel talk"; but time has checked the overflow of enthusiasm, and the wheel has apparently settled into its permanent place among those necessary things of the mechanical kind provided to meet the increasing complexities of modern life.

The lessened noise and stir over the bicycle, and things pertaining thereto, seems in some quarters to have created the impression that there has been a marked decline in its use. Close observation does not, however, sustain this view. In fact, the reverse appears to be the case. Information from reliable sources indicated that more bicycles are ridden now than at any previous time, and that the number in use is increasing at a rate that is very satisfactory to all who are appreciative of the numerous advantages derived from the wheel as a light, speedy, and comparatively inexpensive vehicle adapted to many practical uses.

The bicycle long since became too widely popular to remain a prescribed toy of society, but it is noticeable that many of the ultra-fashionable still take their cycling as a matter of course for its own sake, and for the healthfulness of the exercise. Entirely regardless of questions of social standing, age, or sex, the wheel as an implement of necessary use, recreation, and healthful exercise is in evidence throughout the length and breadth of the land. In some of the larger centres of population where cycling gained its first foothold the riders are less conspicuous than formerly; fewer of them are seen together on parkways and boulevards; there is less of parade and show in their doings as a class, and less century running and other extravagances on the part of individuals; but because the wheelmen of the present are less gregarious and more restrained than their predecessors, it does not follow that there are not more of them in the aggregate.

A Popular Mistake.

THE number of bicycles being manufactured to day is greater than ever before since it came into popular use. Fortunately it is no longer a fad of the idle and the excessively rich, or the victim of the crank. It is no longer ridden for notoriety and foolish display, nor to serve the purpose of self-advertisement of those who were born not many removes from their gibbering prototypes. The silly and vain specimens of ill-constructed humanity no longer use it as a method of slow suicide which will be described in detail in the daily press, or to win a bag of vulgar prize-money, offered in the interest of vulgar advertisement and personal greed. It has successfully withstood and nobly survived all these obstacles to its popular adoption, and stands to-day the best beloved and most loyally supported contribution to the needs, the health, and the happiness of modern life. No one can say any longer that vanity, pride, or vulgarity monopolize it, for it has gloriously delivered itself from all contact with these, and receives its patronage to-day from those who use it because they need it and love it, and honor it by their sensible appreciation and reasonable enthusiasm. We congratulate the sensible men and women of the country that the time has come, and so speedily, when coarseness in any form of expression is no longer connected with this splendid invention, which is so well adapted to meet the needs and add to the health and pleasure of the people.



AN AMERICAN CAVALRYMAN WITH A CAPTURED CHINESE ROBBER.



CAPTAIN TILLSON'S PATROL WATCHING THE MAIN STREET OF THE TARTAR CITY.



DESPERATE CHINESE ROBBERS AWAITING TRIAL.



POVERTY-STRICKEN CHINAMEN APPLYING FOR UNCLE SAM'S BOUNTY.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES PROVOST-MARSHAL, WHO MAINTAINS ORDER IN THE TARTAR CITY.



A FORLORN AND TATTERED CHINESE BEGGER.

UNCLE SAM'S FIRM BUT BENEVOLENT RULE IN PEKING.

YANKEE SOLDIERS AID THE YELLOW POLICE IN KEEPING THE STREETS ORDERLY AND CLEAN, AND FEEDING THE POOR.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY OUR STAFF ARTIST IN CHINA, SYDNEY ADAMSON.—[SEE PAGE 308.]



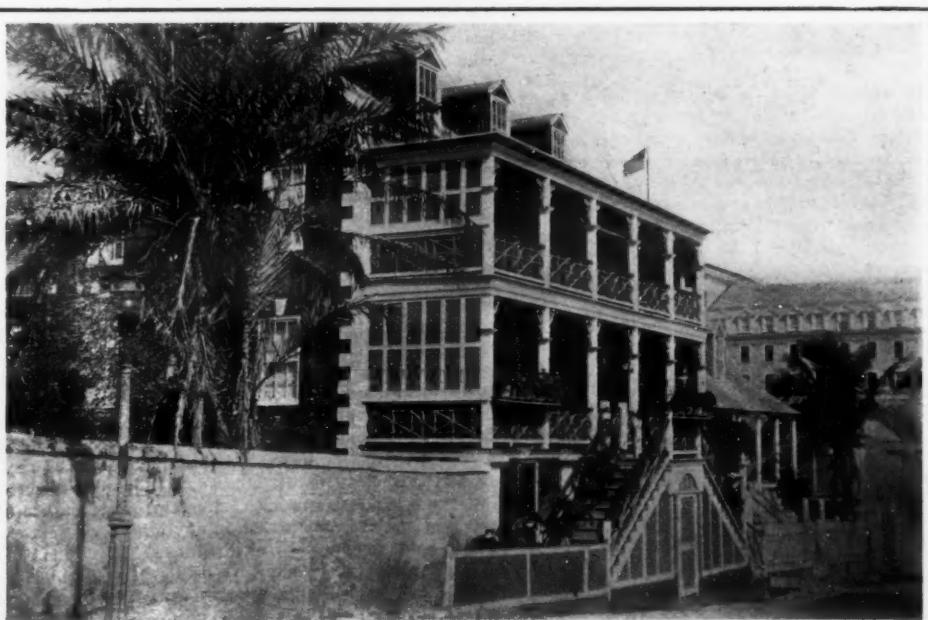
LIFTING A LOG INTO DEEP WATER AT CEDAR RIVER, WIS.
H. E. Knapp, Menomonee, Wis.



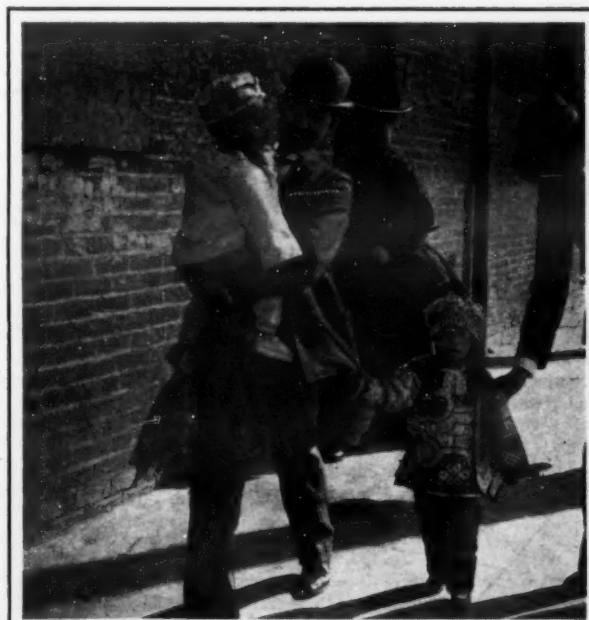
SAMPLING THE APPLE CROP.
Mrs. E. Van Keuren, Rockton, N. Y.



(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) FORCING A MONSTER LOG THROUGH SHALLOW WATERS.—H. E. Knapp, Menomonee, Wis.



THE FINEST RESIDENCE IN NASSAU, WEST INDIES.
L. H. Schultz, New York.



A HAPPY CHINESE FATHER CELEBRATING HIS NEW YEAR'S AT
LOS ANGELES.—George H. Beeman, Los Angeles, Cal.

OUR AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—WISCONSIN WINS.

(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)

Heroism in Flood and Fire.

(By Frederick Edward Seward, Editor of the Coal Trade Journal.)

I HAVE witnessed many wonderful scenes and heard more tales of deeds well done, of men who go into the mines daily at the risk of life and limb.



STATUE AT SPRING HILL, NOVA SCOTIA, COMMEMORATING THE LOSS OF 113 LIVES IN A MINE EXPLOSION IN 1891.

the whole length of the main gallery. Being in separate rooms, in the higher part of the workings, they were unconscious of danger until ready to leave. On descending to the main entry they met the water half-way up, and waded until they could go no farther. All knew there was no hope for escape until the flood should subside; so they called to each other and determined to return to their rooms to await death or relief by the pumps. After days of effort on the part of their fellow-miners in drilling a way through to the imprisoned men, the rescuers waded along the gallery, up to their necks in water, to recover their comrades as soon as entrance could be obtained. The supreme performances of the rescuers—who never left the scene of the disaster by day or by night—elicited the admiration of all who witnessed their unflinching devotion and unabated energy. Not a life was lost.

The most alarming results are likely to follow an explosion in a gaseous mine. At a certain colliery in Pennsylvania the "pit boss" had made his usual rounds, and when he found enough gas in "Room No. 9" to fill the gauze in his lamp he promptly put out a danger-board. A driver, chasing a fractious mule, pushed his light between the chinks of the board and the act was done. Outside and above, machinery valued at thousands of dollars lay in broken heaps, and the echo of the explosion in the village brought groups of hysterical women in an agony of helplessness to the choked shaft. Back in a butt entry a small shift of men were emptying their dinner-buckets and discussing the latest political turn. One of them by the name of Hardwell had the floor, when he was suddenly thrust through the opening of the opposite room, and the rest were rudely scattered. A curtain of fire separated them from the front, and the situation became most terrifying.

The six men retreated with blanched faces, putting out their lights with unsteady fingers. Instantly through the door of the room dashed Hardwell's "buddy," his coat on fire and his breath coming in gasps. As he reached the others he fell forward with a thud. Hardwell grasped him by the collar and dragged him back toward the entry, beating out the fire as he went. The men followed, frantically pushing each other against the narrow walls until, their lungs filled with poisoned air, they dropped aside into a small stream of sulphurous water which the electric pump had not yet sucked up. Finally an old man was found, and they followed their leader like sheep, in total darkness. Whenever one of them would drop, Hardwell would come back and soak him with water, coax and swear a little, and pull him along. Many times he had all he could do, for the gas was making them sleepy. They slipped and fell so often that they began to bawl like babies until the horror of the explosion overcame them one by one. But their leader made them remember they were men every time. When one of the younger fellows gave up, Hardwell threatened to tell the girl he was going to marry that he had died like a rat when he might have come out. The straggler got up and walked on without a word. They finally reached the end and tumbled out on a country road miles from the river shaft, more dead than alive. Most of the other men in that part of the mine were at the village undertaker's, or in the entry—dead. Kipling tells of the little cornet who "lifted his files into action"; but what of the heroism of Hardwell?

A cave-in occurred at a mine near Pittston four years ago where fifty-nine men were shut in or crushed to death. There is no more harrowing accident than this. With all the warning it gives, the cave too often proves the death-bed and grave of the miner rash enough to try to save for his company what Nature is reclaiming—somewhat brutally—for her own. Valuable chambers of a mine may threaten to cave, losing, perhaps, thousands of tons of coal. On the occasion referred to, Superintendent Langan started Sunday night with sixty-five men to place massive timbers under the affected roof, hoping by this means to avert the threatened destruction. So awful was the noise, and so near did death appear in those trembling passages that seven men, the superintendent's son among them, refused to go to work and went back. The superintendent and the fifty-eight labored for an hour or so. Then, without warning, many tons of rock and coal fell, and constructed for them an impenetrable sepulchre. Whether they were instantly crushed to death, shut in and suffocated, or slowly starved, will never be known. Rescue parties were formed and a narrow passage

worked through a part of the fallen "roof." This was propped and strengthened by great timbers, for there was constant danger of more coming down.

The gas was heavy and safety-lamps had to be used, making the light dim and uncertain. The moaning of the mine was still to be heard with weird effect, as if "breasts" and gangways were mourning for their victims. The men worked in shifts of half a dozen each, three hacking and pecking at the "face" of the fall, and three shoveling back the *débris* to others behind them, who passed it out in a line. Great masses of rock were shattered with drill and hammer, for it was not safe to use powder, and the progress was distressingly slow.

During the weeks that passed in this way young Langan, son of the entombed superintendent, performed as heroic an act as is recorded in the history of coal-mining. Between the top of the fall and the roof was a space of a few inches. With wonderful daring he dragged himself along over the fall. At any moment he might have been crushed by the roof. He was gone three hours, and in that time crawled nearly 300 feet and back. His clothes were torn to shreds and his body covered with blood from scores of cuts and bruises. But he found no opening and learned nothing of the entombed. The work was kept up for months, but no trace of the unfortunate men was found, and the attempt at rescue was at last abandoned.

I shall never forget my own experiences in a "fairy" or gaseous coal-mine. I had been invited to visit a property which was said to possess a seam of coal of unusual thickness and purity. It was nevertheless a notoriously "gassy" mine, inasmuch that the fire-boss made regular rounds to test the working-places and chalk up a warning sign if too much dangerous vapor should be discovered. Let down a three-hundred-foot shaft on a platform-elevator without sides (simply the guide-rods), in company with the fire-boss I walked along the main entry, viewing the coal by the light of our little tin-cup lamps. Presently, on approaching a visibly-cracked roof, my guide said: "Now I will show you what gas is, and how we put it out."

With the word he held the lamp up near the crevice in the roof, and forthwith there was a floating of blue gas along the roof near the crevice, like burning alcohol in a basin of water.

"We will not let it get ahead of us," said my guide, and with that he took off his coat and brushed out the flaming gas, driving it away from the crevice, for if toward, then the roof might have come down and I not be here to tell the story. It was 300 feet under ground and nearly a mile from the shaft.

As if this were not enough, my guide said, "Now I will show you where it is not even safe to go with an ordinary lamp."

He thereupon lit the safety lamp, and blew out the other tin-cup lights.

We then walked along the entry until we came to a place where we ran right up to the face of the coal. Climbing upon that which had been broken down, my guide lifted his "safety," and the blue flame began to dance around the gauze. He came down again quickly, and said we might as well go up. I was mighty glad to get back to *terra firma*, with another chance to see the sky and breathe freely. This daily tour of the fire-boss no doubt saves many lives, but there is often a quick accumulation in places where he has found nothing dangerous.

The mine mule knows a thing or two quite as well as does the army mule. In one of the mines in the Pittsburgh district the ever-patient mule proved himself possessed of an almost human sense of coming danger. One morning, when the full shift was at work, there occurred an unusual thing.

The air currents had seemed defective, and there was a restless feeling among the miners something like the uneasiness of live-stock before a storm. A few days previous a chamber had been closed on account of gas, and the men were instinctively thinking of what that might mean. Suddenly there was a clatter of hoofs, and a mule appeared. Its long ears were quivering and its intelligent eyes were full of terror.

It gave a shrill bray, and then was gone down the entry,

broken traces flying after it. The men looked at one another, and then the feverishness of the air moved them with one impulse.

Dropping picks, they fled precipitately, making a headlong dash through the labyrinth for the open air.

With scared faces other miners joined them, and while they were wondering what it all meant a dull, deep explosion went rumbling through the hollow back of them, followed by wave upon wave of noxious vapors.

Then they understood. When the bodies of the few poor men who had been hopelessly entrapped were recovered, another was tenderly carried out with theirs—that of the little gray mule that sounded the warning.

* * * * *

Whenever grim tragedy visits the mining regions a gloom which is known and felt by all the living sense gathers around the spot. It is deeper, because all activities are one, and the unannounced hush startles every heart into terror with the conviction that familiar faces are to be seen no more. With such a setting, a miners' funeral becomes at once a composite picture of resignation and despair without parallel in lowly life. The scene stands out in bold relief amid the uncanny stillness and the utter depth of grief. In that picture are groups of men from the colliery where the accident occurred and others near by, coming cautiously up—hats in hand—to the rough-hewn box where the mortal remains of their comrades-in-work are being carried to the cemetery. The women and children follow at respectful distances, and the few non-miners in the locality join in the universal expression of sorrow. The interment made, the first duty is to the widows and orphans.

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Some day the miners will have their place in literature, like

unto the sea toilers, the factory people, the soldiers, and railroad men.

In the great underworld of Pennsylvania alone there is material for books that all the world would stop to

read—tales of brave deeds and stirring adventure, of men who lived and worked and proved—in life or in death—just plain heroes.

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meat-eating, on account of this same grip, that the microbe is getting a foothold in our bank accounts."

Despite this well-grounded plaint, the casual visitor who strolls through the great fish market in the early hours of the morning finds himself in the storm centre of a chaos of activity. Retail dealers rush from stall to stall with the shouted quotations dinning in their ears. Fish of all kinds and sizes are caught up and inspected, sharp bargains are driven, and the purchases are hastily dumped into gigantic scale-pans that hold several hundred weight at a time. Barrels, boxes, and baskets containing the purchases are kept moving in confusing procession toward the street, and there loaded into the hundreds of waiting wagons. The fish-wives of Europe have their reputation for noisiness, but the fish-men of New York are equally clamorous. In the busiest hours of the morning the racket of these trade wranglers is deafening. The salesman holds up a fish or two before the customer, and a heated dialogue ensues. It is useless, however, to wait for the fight which the impetuosity and clamor would seem to promise. The whole tumult is due to the efforts of the retail dealer who is buying to secure several hundred weight at a quarter of a cent a pound less than the asking price.

Nearly all of the fish that comes in at Fulton Market is sold on commission, the owners of the small craft, generally the skippers themselves, taking all the risk on the catch. Fishing off the coast is hard and dangerous work, and unless the deck-hand is an unusually expert fisherman and a quick bandler of fish, his pay is extremely small. Nor does the owner of a craft always fare well, for it often happens that he makes several losing cruises in succession.

A Strange Chinese Superstition.

THERE is a curious superstition amongst the Chinese, that there is a soil that will revive the dead. This soil is supposed to have a galvanic or magnetic property which for the time being will bring to life a corpse, who, in the presence of a living person, will imitate the actions of the latter, and finally, unless the unhappy person escapes, spring upon and strangle him; whether after that the resuscitated being, something less than

the night with the dead body, revived for a time by the soil upon which both were lying. As the floors of these mud inns are not covered, the soil comes in immediate contact with the body. It would, therefore, be well for all travelers in this country, before retiring, to carefully inspect any bundle of clothing near, lest they should have a like experience of terror.

ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

The President's First Carnation.

I AM reminded by a recent first-page picture in *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, representing President McKinley giving a carnation—his favorite flower—to a little girl, of the very first one he ever put to such a use. In November, 1896, I went up from Blue Grass, Ky., to Canton, O., to see how a man looked while he was being elected President of the United States. I reached the town early on the morning of election day, and following Major McKinley up from the polls about nine o'clock, I went to his house with another newspaper man and spent most of the day, which was extremely quiet after the campaign rush, lolling around the room which was used as his office, talking to whoever might have nothing else to do. There was nothing much doing in a news way until after the polls closed, and then—well, only those who were in Canton on that tremendous night can realize just what the fellow-townsmen of a popular citizen can do when they learn that he has been elected President of this great and glorious republic. But that is another story.

I remained with friends in Canton for two days after election, and on the morning of my departure I stopped to say goodbye to the President-elect and the very agreeable and courteous men he had about him in various capacities. I was there perhaps half an hour, and when at last I shook hands with the major I noticed the red carnation in his buttonhole.

"I want to ask a favor," I said, "if I may."

"You may," he responded, smiling, because I had already asked one that had put him in good humor with my kind of favors.

"Thank you. I have a little niece in Kentucky, Fairfax Sympson, whose father thinks you are just what the country needs, and I am sure if you will let me take that flower in your buttonhole to her she will appreciate it more than any other one thing that has happened to her."

"And she shall have it, too, with my very best wishes," and he took it out of its place on his bosom, pinned it to a piece of paper with a McKinley button, wrote "With the compliments of William McKinley" on it, and showed as much pleasure in this little act of good-will to a child as if he were doing some great deed that would live after him. He has, no doubt, forgotten all about it in the stirring times that have followed his election, but the little Blue Grass girl keeps that carnation among her most sacred relics, and she will never forget it. The Lord only knows how many he has given away to little girls—and big ones, too, for that matter—since that time, but I am sure

that little Blue Grass maid has the very first carnation President McKinley gave to anybody. WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

Foreign Trade Notes.

NOTHING more wonderful and significant in the way of a statistical exhibit has been placed before the public in recent years than the statement just sent out from Washington by the Treasury bureau of statistics, showing the imports and exports in each inaugural year from 1789 to 1901. In general terms it may be said that prior to 1876 our imports constantly exceeded our exports, but since that date the tide has been steadily the other way until last year, 1900, when the excess of exports over imports reached the enormous total of \$648,930,329, the largest in our history. A still further evidence of the gains which our exports have made over imports is found in the fact that in the 107 years from the organization of the government to the first inauguration of President McKinley exports had only exceeded imports by \$383,028,407, while in the four years of President McKinley's first term the excess of exports over imports reached the grand total of \$2,150,000,000. These figures speak loudly for themselves as to the benefits which all branches of American industry have received from the wise and sound financial policy of a Republican administration.

In connection with the foregoing paragraph, interest and profit may be derived from a statistical table sent out by the same bureau, showing what articles of American manufacture figured largest in the exports of 1900, and for which there is evidently the largest foreign demand. In a list of forty articles of export, all but eight show an increase in 1900 compared with 1899. Among the largest increases was that of iron and steel products, where the excess of exports in 1900 over the preceding year was \$25,000,000; mineral oils showed an increase of about \$7,000,000 for the same period, copper \$14,000,000, agricultural implements \$2,500,000, cotton-seed oil \$2,500,000. Wood manufactures, paraffine, scientific instruments, paper and manufactures of, and cars for steam railways showed an increase of over a million dollars each.

American manufacturers and dealers in jams, pickles, condiments, preserves, and other toothsome things will be interested to learn from Consul James Boyle, of Liverpool, that the

masses of the English people are using more of these things than formerly on their tables, and that they are awakening to the fact that the best and cheapest articles of this sort may be had from America. An article from the London *Daily Telegraph* is quoted calling the attention of the English people to the excellence of American-made jams, confectionery, and fruit compounds, and what a large figure these products are beginning to cut in the English market. "When a single order from one noted London firm alone," says the *Telegraph*, "amounts to twenty-eight tons of apricot pulp from California, it will convey some idea of the magnitude the system is attaining. Plums, pineapples, quinces, apples, and peaches are also largely utilized in this way, and the latest triumph, as it is claimed, in this direction is that of being able to send into this country strawberry pulp. Small wonder, indeed, that the British grower has cause for complaint that the 'demand is not what it was' for his products."

An English newspaper, the *Daily Mail*, has been reading a sharp lecture to English boot and shoe manufacturers as to the stupidity and unprogressiveness which have marked their business and which have given the opportunity for America to come in and capture an increasing share of their trade on their own ground. After reciting some of the successes which representatives of the American boot and shoe trade had scored in Great Britain recently, how one agent has secured 1,200 names on his books in less than three years, drawn from all over the British Isles, the *Daily Mail* proceeds to say:

What is the reason? The answer is simple. The American hustles. That is to say, he works hard and thinks hard. Start with the American factory. It is on the biggest scale procurable. The output of one factory alone is 3,000 pairs a day, and there are bigger ones than that. Now, mark, every one of these 3,000 pairs is sold wholesale at the same price. Not a single shoe ever leaves the factory at any other price. The consequence is that the whole time and thought and capital of the manufacturer is concentrated on this one problem, namely, how to produce the best possible shoe for that money. It goes without saying that the American manufacturer has the very latest machinery and plenty of it. As soon as new machine, or an improvement on an old machine, is invented, he has it.

English readers are also told how American shoes are modeled on human feet and not on clumsy old lasts made years ago, as the English are doing, and what a great variety in sizes and shapes we are sending out in an effort to suit all classes of customers and all kinds of feet.

The Shame of Christendom.

(Continued from page 304.)

of the only Chinese who have dared to make themselves known as accepting the Christian religion, or favoring Western civilization. Such conduct on our part serves notice to all non-Christian Chinese, that from this time on they may murder and plunder with impunity so long as the victim is only a native Christian. It is not hard to foretell the result of such a course upon the entire Chinese people. Our failure to protect and indemnify our friends and partisans, in the face of our treaty rights to do so, will be attributed to fear and weakness, and soon not only will no Chinese dare to be known as a believer in a foreign faith, but not one will dare to be known as a buyer of foreign goods or a user of a foreign machine, and the markets of that great empire will be more effectively closed than they could be by any code of laws or edict.

The disastrous effect of thus ignoring the suffering of these natives who have had the courage to adopt the Christian religion and to stand in their respective communities as the exponents of a foreign civilization, as protestors against the old order of stagnation, will be more clearly seen with each succeeding year until the allied Powers are compelled again to intervene and attempt another rescue of their nationals against even more desperate odds than they encountered in the relief of Peking. For this time they will be face to face with a united and prepared anti-foreign and anti-Christian China.

And to the shame of Christendom, it will be told that our greed and heartlessness made her so.

Guy Morrison Walker.

A Theme for Cervantes.

It is a pity that Cervantes died three hundred years too soon. The author of "Don Quixote," were he alive to-day, would find the theme for exquisite satire in Spain's new Sagasta cabinet. The name of the premier himself suggests the possession of wisdom of high order. In the present internal condition of Spain it is strange that the portfolio of war should go to General Weyler, whose most conspicuous performance was his wretched and bloodthirsty attempt to crush the Cuban insurgents. And the Duke of Veragua, who is made Minister of Marine, has apparently no other claim to the distinction than the fact that he is a lineal descendant of Columbus. What hope has Spain, in her new internal troubles, from such a cabinet?

For Impaired Vitality

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

HALF a teaspoonful in half a glass of water, when exhausted, depressed, or weary from overwork, worry, or insomnia, nourishes, strengthens, and imparts new life and vigor.

HOPES are never realized where ambition is greater than strength. Fortify your system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists' and grocers'.

An Excursion

into the country, out camping, fishing, or just a picnic, will be incomplete in outfit unless supplied with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In tea, coffee, and many summer beverages it is delicious. Don't buy unknown brands.



CHINESE WAYSIDE INN.

human, becomes the possessor of the life of the murdered one, or sinks back into the former corpse-like condition, my informant does not state. Were an Edgar Allan Poe to arise among the residents of Shanghai, there might be written a story rivaling his famous tales, founded upon this legend.

From the North China *Daily News* I condense a story written as given by the Chinese: In a low, mud-walled Chinese country inn, somewhere west of Ichang, in a secluded valley, there arrived one evening a party of coolies. After a supper of rice and tea the party stretch themselves upon the floor for the night. No one takes notice that on the morrow one less leaves the inn than came the night before, or, looking in the dark room, sees in one corner a bundle which contains a dead coolie, whom, to avoid burying, the party have left to "mine host" of the Chinese inn. The second evening there arrives a very respectable-looking merchant from Wuchang, on his way west to Szechuan, who, after being regaled with the best tea the house affords, and having a social interchange of family histories with the inn-keeper over their water-pipes, is given the guest-room. The merchant asks for a sleeping-place for his cook, and the small, dark room containing the lifeless coolie is given him. As it is not unusual to find a sleeping occupant of the rooms, the coolie curls up closely to the bundle of clothes for warmth, and is soon asleep.

At early dawn the servant wakens, and, looking at the motionless form by his side, thinks his companion is still asleep, but begins to have a queer sensation, a premonition of coming danger. He raises himself and uncovers the face beside him, when the head is also raised, and without a word in reply to his questions, the other imitates his every motion. Again the servant speaks, but only his own voice is heard, and face to face they remain in the gray dark. Suddenly he knows that he has slept with the dead, on soil that revives the dead. He looks around for means to escape; the door is beyond, the awful thing by his side. There is a window on his side, and pursued by terror inconceivable, he cautiously raises himself and anyhow, any way, head over heels, crashes through the window, falling to the ground on the other side. The noise brings the inn-keeper and servants to restore him to consciousness, and he succeeds in telling his story. The corpse is found hanging from the window-sill, half-way out and half-way in.

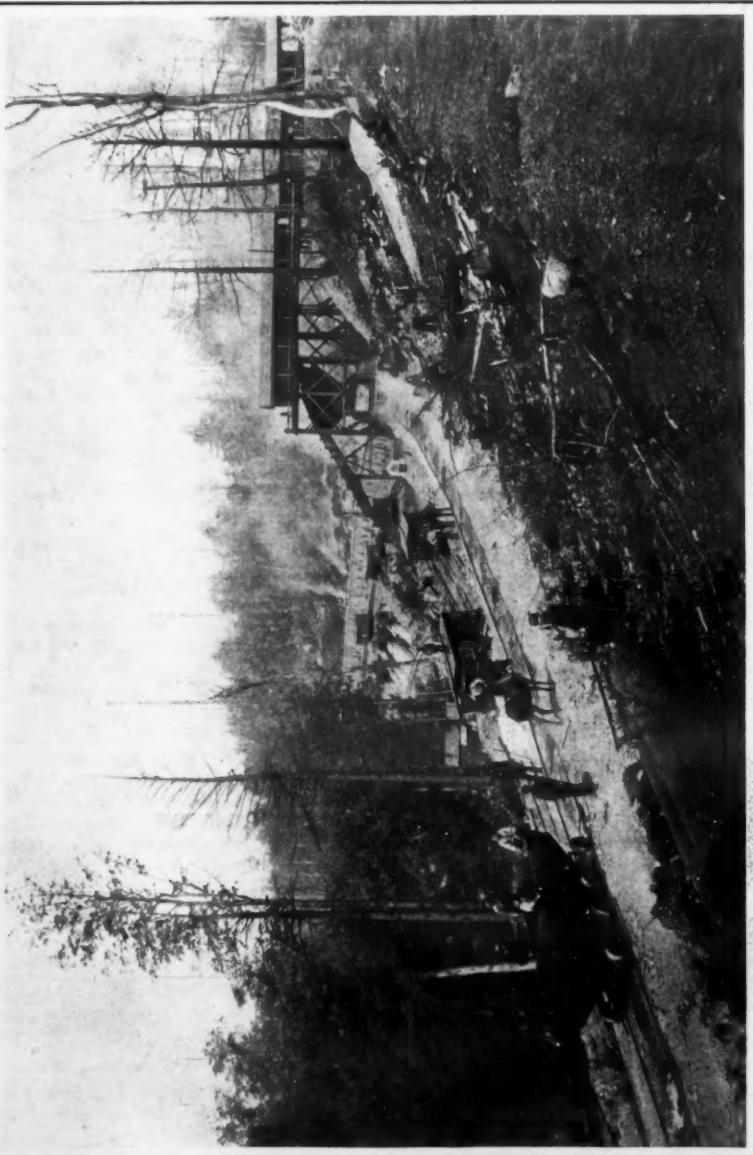
The inn-keeper, for the credit of his house, buys the silence of the merchant and the cook, but the story cannot be kept and is told by the brother of the merchant, whose servant had spent



A SPARK OF FIRE BRINGS INSTANT DEATH TO SCORES.—From "Underground Life," copyright. By special permission of D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.



DOODED MINE.—From "Underground Life," copyright. By special permission of D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.



WHERE HEROES ARE MADE IN A MOMENT—A MINING SCENE IN COALPORT, PENN.



BREAKING TIMBERS CAUSE A FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.—From "Underground Life," copyright of D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

HIMBIE HEROES OF ELOOD AND EIRE

The Strange Story of Aram Keram Deram Minassian.

A True Narrative of Life Among the Insurgents in the Philippines.

BY SYDNEY ADAMSON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

"Ah, sir, you cannot tell what savages they are; they have no more heart than a stone—to beat a broken, helpless man starving in the mud! When they had wreaked their fury upon me they ordered me to my feet to go with them to their lieutenant. I muttered and motioned that I could not walk. They went off for their lieutenant, leaving a guard over me on the road. When he came I managed to tell him that I was a Frenchman. He ordered his men to get a *carabao*, and in this way they took me to the San Lazare post. My whole being was a bundle of pain and misery. My knee was almost unbearable. We arrived at San Lazare late in the evening, after dark. Next day I was taken to Santa Clara, arriving there about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The rain was now stopping at intervals, but the streams roared angrily over the stones. The rain-god had done his worst, and soon the wind-god added his fury to torment the tired world. A wire was at once dispatched to General Canon, at Bayombong. Then I was allowed to rest for a little. The operator, whose uncle, an insurgent captain, was a prisoner in Manila, and who knew of the good treatment he had received at the hands of the Americans, took pity on my wretched condition and ordered rice and had some *tapa* cooked for me. I could hardly open my mouth, and, hungry as I was, so intense was the pain in my tongue and the roof of my mouth that I could not swallow a bite.

An answering wire came from General Canon at two o'clock. "Send the French prisoner under heavy guard to Bayombong immediately.—Canon." I conveyed to the operator that I could not walk. It took a long time to get them to understand this, but at last, for four dollars (Mex.), I got a loan of a pack pony with a wooden saddle. I begged to be left there to rest that night, but they refused. We started again in the rain, my escort mounted on good ponies, and kept on until night, when we camped about an hour and a half's journey from Dupas. Oh, God, that night, that awful night!—a wretched hut with the cane broken away in holes from the floor, leaving only the bamboo beams to lie on, the windows gone or broken. They made a fire near by and then the rain poured in torrents and the wind howled and crashed through the great trees of the forest. I lay in a corner moaning, while a cruel sergeant mocked my misery and gruffly told me to "Shut up and lie still, you Castillo!" But it passed as my other miseries had passed, and the guards forced me on early next morning. We arrived in Dupas about eight o'clock.

The sergeant who had treated me so roughly added to my evil reception by the terrible tale he told of American cruelty in Kalaguan. He related vivid tales of rape and pillage, all of which he had seen himself, and with grandiloquent eloquence condemned the Americans. All this aroused Commandante Pecson to a state of fury, and, had it lain in his power, my life would then have been sacrificed to avenge the imaginary crimes of the advancing forces. I was taken to the house of Mariano Coutaran, and this good man, to save himself from his friends, pretended to be desperately angry, but I knew that he would do all in his power to soften the suffering which every one delighted in inflicting upon me. He gave me clean clothes, cursing me vehemently all the time. Without permission I crawled on a bed, the same that I had occupied before my escape. The good, kind Coutaran had brought me breakfast, but I could not eat, only sip a little coffee, which tasted like honey and revived me a great deal. I fell asleep and lay in peace for about an hour. Then Pecson came to be my tormentor. He shook me roughly and snarled that I had to get up immediately and go to Bayombong. This was too much, and for the first time my nerves utterly gave way. I crouched on the bed as nearly on my knees as I could and cried to be spared; my leg was crushed, I was beaten with those awful guns, worn with fatigue, and what I had suffered in being jerked off and on the pony in the night no man can know. I cried like a child to him. It was useless. He sternly told me that he wished the men had killed me on the way. I could not walk and lay helpless on the bed. He, infuriated by my apparent obstinacy, seized me roughly and would have dragged me to the floor; but Mariano Coutaran came to my rescue with a servant and assisted me to dress. Then they took me outside and lifted me on to the pony. I was charged two dollars more for the animal. We went as far as the river, which lies about half a mile from Dupas, and found it an angry race of water that no man or horse dare try to cross. An orderly was sent back for instructions. We were ordered back and I was thrown into a dark, filthy cell to await the falling of the flood. Then a fever came to me and I lost my reason. In about six hours I recovered consciousness and found myself lying on some straw without a blanket, shivering with chills in the damp, unwholesome place. I asked one of the guards to go to Mariano Coutaran's house for a blanket, but Pecson, who was there, ordered him not to send it. Later Coutaran sent one secretly at his own risk. When the cruel sergeant changed his guard and went away, one of the soldiers showed that he wanted to befriend me. He was a Nueva Viscayan, a poor man who was forced to serve in the army against his wish, but had no money to pay his "moulto," which is the price they ask to leave a man free. He had no money himself, as the troops had not been paid for a long time; so I gave him some, and

he, when he went for his food, brought me coffee from the house where he lived. After a weary night they put me on my pony and again we started on our way.

During the night the river had fallen, so we managed a crossing and went on to Bambang. They took me to the *Presidente's* house and made me sit between the guards near the door. I soon understood that all the people in the house were greatly excited over something, and I listened intently to the hum of voices. Once or twice I heard "St. Nicholas" mentioned, and then something about the "Americanos." I heard one voice say, "Don't let the Castillo know anything about it." The guard went in for a meal, leaving only one man, who moved outside and lay on the ground at the foot of the steps, smoking. A man who used to bring me messages in Bayombong came in quickly and told me in a hurried manner that St. Nicholas was taken, while Aguinaldo's secretary of war, with ninety thousand dollars, had fallen into the hands of the Americans. I breathed a great sigh of relief, for now I knew that Aguinaldo would never reach Bayombong, as all the roads were closed against him! The tremendous importance of this to me and my fellow-captives I did not realize then as I do now; but in all my wretchedness this one bit of good news comforted me and gave me a better heart for my journey. After a cup of coffee we went to the river to try the ford. On the bank we found a guard with two American and some Spanish prisoners, who told us that here the river was still impassable. We remained all night and nature came to my rescue in sleep.

In the morning we crossed and went to Bayombong. And now I began to fear that at last death would end my miseries. For much as I had hoped to die, in my extremity, yet now, when I came face to face with a cold-blooded execution, I clung to the hope of life, and, maimed as I was, I would still make a fight for it. I was taken to the general's house and remained between the guards in an outer room. Then the sergeant who had roused the fury of Commandante Pecson repeated his tale of license and robbery, and Canon believed it then. I could hear his voice. He said, "I do not want to see the pig." Under a heavy guard I was taken to the government building and placed in an empty room. The captain in charge was a kind man and he permitted the other prisoners to come, one at a time, to see me. After all my terrible days and nights of suffering, fighting against the elements, evading man, and at last overcome by human weakness, and reduced to an awful plight by the cruelty of savages, I was here again in the town of my captivity, with little hope that I should not be shot or hanged as a spy. To add to my despondency, the American prisoners told me tales of the misery of their fellows. John O'Neill, the deserter, had died in *delirium tremens* from drinking raw *vino*, to the end shrieking for drink. Little Woodbury, the sailor, had fever and other complications, and he was growing worse. A soldier, Fred Brett, had sarna. Yes, sir; this terrible burning itch with water blisters that I have, but Brett was worse, and that was not all, for they drove him insane by saying again and again that he would be killed, until he wasted away and died.

And some of the Spanish prisoners who were my friends came to me and I could see by their faces that they pitied me, and some of them wept, but then I did not understand. It is better to tell you now; but then I knew nothing, only the things that happened to me as the minutes passed and the people came. General Canon had sentenced me to death—to be shot by a squad as an enemy and a spy! And then, as I sat there knowing nothing, all these good people who had grown to like me went to the general's house and begged for my life. The old Spanish general went, and Aylton—dear, kind Aylton, so good to the last—and the other officers; the priests went, and the vicar. And all this rush of feeling prevailed. But I have always known that, if St. Nicholas had not been taken, I should have died. But now Canon saw that his chance was coming and that perhaps the way could be cleared for him to save his skin and desert the sacred cause in the hour of its need. He likes it better in Manila here, where he can watch the *cascoes* swinging on the Pasig and send photographs of himself wearing a sword to General Otis. Yes, sir; that is better than waiting to fly to the barren mountains, pursued by the great blue fighters on giant horses.

In Bayombong there was an Italian named Angel, who had been taken a prisoner in Manila at the very beginning, when the insurgents were there in strength. He served the insurgents and for this was permitted much freedom. He came to me in my prison and told me that I was to go to the Igorrote Mountains, but if I would agree to sign a paper containing certain conditions to be named by General Canon he would not send me. But I refused to listen to this. Why I refused I cannot tell. I hardly knew what I did—nothing seemed to matter.

Then William Rinders, of the *Yorktown*, came to me and told me the same thing. I asked him what the conditions were, but he knew nothing. All this, let me tell you, sir, happened so quickly, all within three hours, and I knew nothing of the death sentence that had been passed and revoked. Then they took me away to the Igorrote Mountains, where we arrived that night. It was dark and I was confined in a convent. In the darkness I had leisure to dwell on my misery, but even the comfort of quiet and thought was to be denied me. I was taken past the

native houses to one a little larger than the rest. All around fires were lighted; in the circle of their glow half-nude figures of men and women danced in drunken revelry. Over some of the fires, on great spits, were oxen and calves roasting whole. I was amazed at this scene, which I afterward learned was part of a funeral service, the habit being to devour all the live stock and drink all the liquor of the dead man. The feasting and the laughter goes on sometimes for days. I was taken within the building before the *Presidente*. He was squatting on the ground, a dirty, drunken savage. His son was with him. It was his pleasure to be in a merry mood, and the white captive must dance. But I would not dance. Then he thought that I could be his servant and wait upon him. Again I refused. Then the son took a stick and said, "This is how we are going to whip all the white men." He would have thrashed me with the stick, but I stopped him. The chief had some half-raw rice given to me, which I tried to eat a little of. Next day the son took the stick again and would have tortured me, but I gathered all the strength that I had and felled him to the earth. We were alone and I hobbled away as fast as I could to the house of the local chief of police. They sheltered me and I stayed there four days, gaining strength and resting.

I think it was on the fourth day that a Filipino soldier came with orders to bring me back to Bayombong. It was Arriola, who had again proved my friend. He no longer feared Canon, as Aguinaldo could not come with his men, and he boldly spoke out about the treatment which I was receiving at his hands. Again fear and self-interest had their weight, and the insurgent general had me brought back to Bayombong. In the evening Genato, the good Chinaman, came himself and took me to see General Canon. By the lamplight I could see that cruel, treacherous Malay face, with the wish to kill, but the love of life and vanity were too strong, and he was only a coward, a vain, strutting coxcomb. But now he was humble and begged me to forgive him for the treatment which he had given me. He was anxious to surrender. He had but this one alternative to falling back in the mountains and sharing the fate of Aguinaldo and Tirona. To fight was a thing that never seemed to occur to him, and yet the place was as strong as a fort and guarded by dangerous streams and cañons. I watched him, willing to help him in his plans, not for the love I bore him, God knows, but for the sake of the other prisoners, the helpless women and children—and anything to be free, to get away and live among white people again. He excused himself and would conciliate me. "Although I must order the *bandillas* (town criers) to spread all kinds of lying rumors and reports about the Americans, I assure you it is not my fault. These stories come to me by telegraph or messenger from our government and I am ordered to make them public."

He then told me that he knew the Americans treated them well, but he was doubtful in his manner and begged to be assured again that his life would be spared. He was still thinking of the dreadful story told by the cruel sergeant, even though others had since denied his tale. It was always pitiful to see these ignorant wretches in their fear of this unknown something which the Americans would do to them. One moment they would strut and swagger and glory in lying tales of American defeats; the next instant they would be ready to fly in terror, consumed with a dreadful fear of some terrible fate that awaited them, on a rumor that the Americans were at hand. At last he definitely agreed to surrender, though to the end he would keep begging to be assured that his life would be safe. Oh, well; it is all over now and I forgive him—but you know what I think of him; you have seen him yourself. I explained that the American government under no circumstances would recognize the Filipino government, therefore he could not expect any written agreement or guarantee, and that in any case I had no authority to grant one. Well, at last it was all settled; of course he said he could hold the town on account of the Magal River with its fierce current, but—yes, the Americans would succeed at last and it was better to surrender.

We went into the details of the arrangement. He agreed to send back the forces to the Isabella province, which Tirona had sent to re-enforce him, and to refuse to turn over to Colonel Caradag the American and Spanish prisoners demanded, and to withdraw his own forces, now amounting to one hundred and fifty guns, from both sides of the river. He arranged to go to Bagabag on the following day, and while he was gone I was to escape. If I should be caught by the outpost there was no help for it, and he would not be responsible for their treatment of me, not even for my life, as he could not withdraw his troops until he heard from me that the Americans were coming. I left Canon and went to see Arriola. The one thing which I feared might hinder my plan of escaping to the nearest American force and arranging with it to come and receive Canon's surrender was the bare possibility that Aguinaldo had succeeded in gaining the mountains between the American lines and Bayombong. Arriola knew nothing of this and all he could tell me was that Canon had sent a spy out with a letter to try and locate Aguinaldo.* I had talked with the Spanish ex-governor, who was the chief among the prisoners, about

* This spy and his dispatch were captured by Colonel Hayes, Fourth Cavalry.

my plan. He begged me to do my best, fearing the terrible slaughter of the helpless women and children among the prisoners, should the Americans attack the town, and to help me on the way he arranged that Ruiz, one of the Spanish soldiers, should escape with me. Perhaps it was that fate had kept me alive and drawn me through my miseries to help these people in their hour of need; I cannot tell; certain it is that, had it not been for Ruiz, I would have again been taken prisoner by the outpost.

"Yes, it must have been on the twenty-sixth of November that we escaped in the darkness. It was half-past ten when we set out mounted on ponies. We had been told about the two outposts and evaded both with ease. But there was one which no one had told us of, beyond the others, and we blundered in the darkness right upon it. My heart was in my mouth and had I been alone I should from helplessness have fallen into their hands. But Ruiz is a genius; he began to shout at the top of his lungs in the native dialect, 'Ho, Aguinaldo!' the words and the air of Aguinaldo's March, and, putting spurs into his horse, he dashed ahead straight past them with as little concern as if they were our friends. As my pony galloped ahead I saw a blurred group of figures slip past me and then I crouched in my saddle expecting to hear the bullets whiz past. But they were completely deceived by his clever ruse, and at last I had escaped! Really, I was clear forever of this cursed gang and flying on a stout pony to the camp of my adopted country. I forgot about my pains and sat erect, the excitement and the joy in my heart rendering me superior for the moment to bodily suffering.

"All night we pushed on, taking the road to Dupas, for it was rumored that the Americans were already there. It was still dark when, at half-past five o'clock, we galloped into Dupas, and to our joy found Lieutenant Monroe, of the Fourth Cavalry, with fifty of his men. He received me kindly and listened to my strange story. I could see that he was greatly excited but could hardly believe me. I trembled lest he should disbelieve my story and urged him with all my might to trust me and the town would surely be delivered into his hands. But he had to think; he asked for half an hour to consider it. And I could but wait. Think of his position, sir! Already away from the main body, with only a detachment of fifty men. Suddenly in the morning two strange men galloped into his camp. One is a Spaniard and the other might be Spanish or French or an Oriental. As you know, sir, then my beard was long and ragged, my hair matted, and my sallow cheeks were pale and sunken. I never look in the least like an American and my accent is foreign, yet I claimed to be an American soldier, and I begged this young officer to believe me and on my word alone lead his fifty men into—what?—a trap where thousands would fall upon them and wipe them out?—or—He waited for that long half-hour and then, like the brave fellow that he is, decided to make the attempt and to trust me. But everything was done to guard against treachery, and Lieutenant Monroe sent a courier to San José for re-enforcements to follow him up.

"It was then arranged that I should return to Bambang accompanied by eight of his men. I knew that from there we could telegraph to Bayombong, and that several of Canon's friends would be there by now, sent to meet the Americans. On the way one of the sergeants (not the one put in charge of the detachment by Lieutenant Monroe) became very officious and attempted to interfere with all that I did. My small stature and ragged appearance did not impress him favorably, and he was one of those men who are useless when beyond the control of a superior officer. He even went the length of trying to censor my telegram, till the sergeant really in charge put a check to his self-importance. However, it was written in a tongue that he could not read, and though, to appease him and satisfy his vanity, I promised to include his name, yet in reality I briefly stated that Lieutenant Monroe was at hand with his men and requested General Canon to formally state his desire to surrender. He asked for one hour to consider it. This I agreed to. The insurgent leader had returned from Bagabag and it was he who dictated the final telegram, in which he agreed to surrender, unconditionally, all the troops, with their arms and ammunition, under his authority, and to formally turn over the province of Nueva Viscaya to the American forces.

"Before leaving to return to Dupas, we collected the nine guns which were in Bambang and took them with us, turning them over to Lieutenant Monroe. I handed him the telegrams and translated them for him. That night no more could be done, but before going to rest Lieutenant Monroe selected twenty troopers and ordered them to be ready to start at five o'clock the next morning. It was a lovely morning, for the terrible rains were over, and we prepared with light hearts to set out for what to me was the last act in a real drama. Just as we were about to start a letter came to me from a native, Dr. César Sorsarán, in Bambang. It told of the presence of another lieutenant of cavalry, who was hastening to get in ahead of us. Lieutenant Monroe would not believe this, but in any case it seems unnecessary to mar the story of a happy day with an incident which terminated agreeably. The lieutenant was overtaken, and Lieutenant Monroe with his own men went into the town to receive the surrender. When we reached the bank of the Magat River, we were met by emissaries from General Canon bearing white flags. Lieutenant Monroe and I—now mounted on a good American horse—followed by a sergeant-major, pushed ahead and swam our horses across the river. The troopers followed, and the horses, panting from their exertions and glistening wet in the sun, drew up in column formation, then wheeled to the left and faced the line of insurgents.

"Then I felt, as I looked around at the happy faces

of the Spanish prisoners, that to bring about this day was worth the suffering and misery that I had endured. In the square or *plaza* of the town was a great crowd of natives, men, women, and children. In a cleared space in the centre General Canon sat on horseback, surrounded by his staff. To the right of them a row of insurgent soldiers stood at attention. At a sign they turned the muzzles of their guns to the earth. General Canon then formally surrendered the province of Nueva Viscaya to the American forces, giving himself up with his officers and men, and all their arms and ammunition. He came forward to Lieutenant Monroe and handed him his revolver, which the lieutenant took and with courtesy returned to the insurgent general. The windows of the houses were crowded with people, and behind the insurgent soldiers, in one of the windows, were many of the Spanish women waving their handkerchiefs. The old Spanish general, Antonio Sastre, and Captain Aylon waved their hats as they stood among a group of officers and soldiers, and then they shouted and cheered, 'Viva España!' 'Viva America!' When the guns were handed over and the prisoners had done with laughing, weeping, and embracing each other, the province of Nueva Viscaya was formally and actually American territory, and the hardships of one soldier of the stars and stripes were over."

The daylight began to creep among the houses and the lamp had a tired and ghostly look in the early dawn. On the bed in the corner my friend had lain asleep for hours while in the silence of the night I had sat and listened to this strange story and held in my hand the slips of paper with the notes from the insurgent general—the very slip that the operator had written out containing Canon's message agreeing to surrender. Before me I saw the work of savages, the inhuman cruelty inflicted by those whom some of us would rank as equals and trust with the government of human lives.

Afterward we often met and supped together or sat up over cigarettes and talked of things that would fill many books. In fragments I gleaned the remainder of his story. For two days Lieutenant Monroe and he had stayed in Bayombong arranging for the removal of the prisoners and all that they possessed. The Spaniards had nothing, only a few old clothes. But Canon—well, there were the spoils of the Ilocanos, who had been bled to their last *carabao*, and of money they had none left. "I stood among some of these poor wretches as the bulls and the pony carts drew away the baggage that went with the insurgent general's wife and her party. I heard them whisper, 'There he has money, bags of money, and the jewels that he took from — and from — and they named their friends; and that is my *carabao*, curse him, and there is my brother's best pony and the *carromata* that my mother used to ride in.' I pitied the poor wretches from my heart, for they had been robbed till nothing more could be wrung from them. But why, sir, are they allowed to keep these things, all these insurgent officers who surrender? And then, to make it worse, they are sometimes put back in office and we lose the natives, for they hate us from that day!"

One day he came in great excitement, for had not Arriola and Genato been suitably rewarded and raised to positions of trust and honor in their own town under the stars and stripes? Another time he told me how Lieutenant Arnold and he had tried to capture "the golden sword" of Aguinaldo and other valuables up in the fastnesses of the Igorrote Mountains. But the horses could go no farther, and he sunk with a relapse of the fever; and that time the golden sword and its fierce insurgent guardian, Colonel Alhambra, were left among the eagles. But later it was captured by another party.

And then the great day came, the day when he had won his discharge, and he blessed General Bell for his kindness and spoke of General MacArthur, using his highest term of praise, "a gentleman." "And Aylon, Captain Aylon, who embraced me on that day as his soldiers embarked at the Anda monument for the homes they had never expected to see. Yes, Aylon was a true friend to the last. And do you remember the little pink-and-white baby and Madame Aylon, how they smiled and said goodbye, and the kind lady gave us their address in Barcelona?"

One day a great white transport lay in the bay and among the soldiers I saw the Oriental face. Long ago that transport has reached its journey's end and made other trips since across the Pacific. It was the last that I saw of him; but if ever the lines of our lives cross again, it may be in the marts of Constantinople, or under the brassy skies of Alexandria, for he is a wanderer among men.

What Women Want To Know.

MANY pleasing anecdotes of Queen Wilhelmina are current in the foreign press. One of these relates to the time when the Queen was yet a little maiden under her mother's wing. One day she elected to seat herself at the dinner table next to a very worthy old general, and after partaking of some fruit the little girl turned and gazed at him. In a moment she burst out with, "I wonder you are not afraid to sit next to me!" Her clear, childish treble made itself heard all the length of the table, and every one turned to look at the oddly-assorted pair. The courtly old soldier rose to the necessity of the moment by responding, "On the contrary, I am but too pleased and honored to sit next to my future Queen! But why should I be afraid?" With a woe-begone look on her face the little Queen replied, "Because all my dolls have the measles—they're all of them down with it!"

It would seem almost presumptuous to suggest any more societies for women in a land which many think is already overstocked with such organizations, but if there is room for one more it might be well to fill the place with "The League of Busy Bees." This is the title of a new society started in England. It has a two-fold object—that is, to assist housewives in their many domestic difficulties and also to find work for women who are obliged to earn their livelihood. Among the features of the society is that of undertaking, by means of a competent staff, the duties of spring cleaning, by which the mistress of the house can be saved all the trouble and worry incidental to it. Upholstery, mending, and renovation, as well as artistic furnishing, are specialties of the league. Philanthropic English women will have the management of the different departments.

A decision of interest to women travelers, and to all other travelers for that matter, has just been delivered by the New York Court of Appeals. The case was that where a baggage express company was sued by a woman for the value of the contents of a trunk stolen while in charge of the company, the sum demanded being \$2,000. The company held that it was liable only to the extent of \$100, as stipulated in the receipt given by its agent. After twelve years of litigation the case has been decided in favor of the woman. The Court of Appeals held unanimously that the express company, in sending its agent through the train to solicit baggage, undertook, upon receiving the passenger's trunk check, to present it at the station to which the trunk was checked, demand its delivery, and, if not complied with, return the check to the owner of the trunk. If, in accordance with a custom, he surrendered the check to the railroad company upon the train before arriving at the station, and the contents of the trunk were subsequently stolen, the baggage company was responsible to the owner for the loss.

The interests of women will be looked after with special care at the Pan-American Exposition. The Woman's Administrative building will be a typical country club-house, set, it is said, in a rose garden. This will be used as headquarters for social and more serious affairs of women visitors. It is two stories high and is surrounded by a broad, hospitable veranda. It contains besides the offices a series of tea rooms and a large hall, which will be employed as a reading-room when not engaged by small meetings and social gatherings. Invitations have been given to two women commissioners from each State and honorary members of the board from various parts of this country and Europe to make the house their headquarters during the exposition. It is the intention of the applied arts committee to make prominent home industries such as rugs and embroideries. Artistic jewel setting, pottery, carved and decorative leather goods, etc., will also receive attention. The committee announces that no ordinary exhibit will be accepted, but as an encouragement to high-class work it offers to include in one item of expense, attendants, cases, and the care of the exhibits.

Fresh Hints on Health Topics.

A NEW "cure" has appeared in Paris which is said to be much in vogue, especially among members of the smart set. It takes the form of a special diet and the particular malady at which it is aimed is over-stoutness. The idea of this diet is that everything, or nearly everything, must be eaten cold; and even hot coffee, tea, or soup is forbidden to those following the régime. The early breakfast of toast, cold game, or hard-boiled eggs and ham is accompanied by a cup of cold milk. At luncheon, again, there is nothing but cold meats and cold puddings, with bread and cheese or salad; while again, at night, the meal may consist only of mayonnaise of fish, cold entrées, and entremets. All this may be well enough and possibly beneficial—to some people. But the claim that a "cold" diet of this sort will prove beneficial to all persons afflicted with too much flesh is claiming too much. Obesity may be reduced in almost every instance by dieting, but as to the particular kind of food and drink to be taken or let alone, that depends largely on the individual case and must be governed generally by individual conditions.

A prominent French medical journal, the *Gazette Médicale de Strasbourg*, has some suggestions to offer on the hygiene of the bicycler, which are worth repeating here. The heart should be carefully watched, it says, not because this exercise is more harmful in this respect than others, but because it can be indulged in much longer without giving a sense of fatigue. Vicious attitudes, such as a crooked posture, although not being so important as is generally supposed, nevertheless, ought to be avoided. In a long journey the position in which the body is moderately inclined is best for the organs of respiration and circulation. Moderation in eating is a necessity in muscular work, as is also abstention from alcohol. The bicycle should vary in details for the man, the woman, the child, the racer, and the invalid. As to the woman, this exercise is easier for her than for the man, since she is more supple. It causes far less fatigue than walking. Its effects on the pelvic organs are good. The child does not feel so much fatigue as the adult, but it should use the bicycle with the greatest moderation. As a rule the courier understands his limitations well. He should, like all athletes, possess perfect organs. As to the invalid, many ailments are improved or even cured by the use of the bicycle, e.g., gastro-intestinal troubles, deformities of the vertebral column, etc.

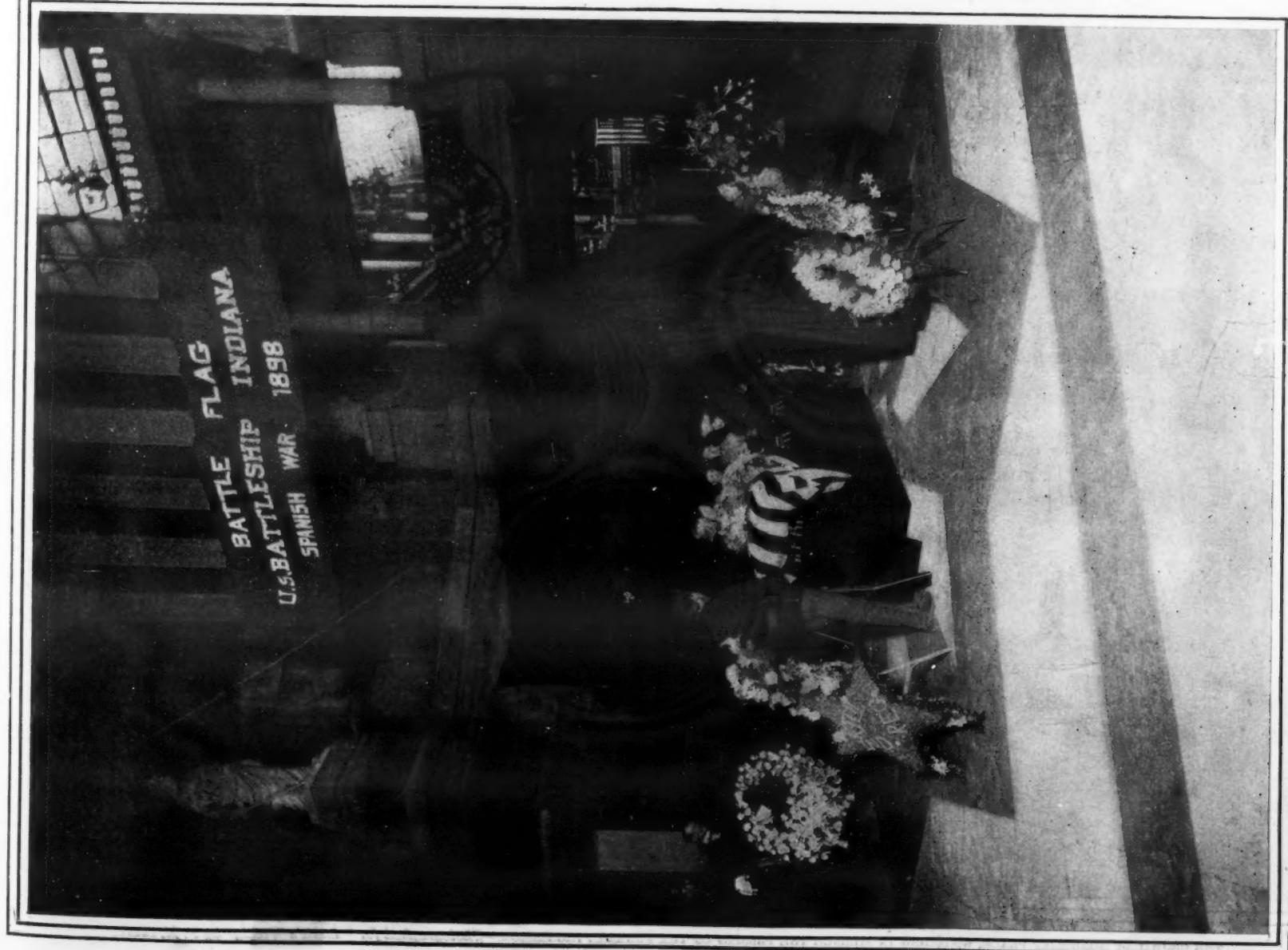


CIVIC SOCIETIES FALLING IN LINE AHEAD OF THE HEARSE.



CARRYING THE CASKET UP THE STEPS OF THE STATE CAPITOL.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON.



EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON'S REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL.

THE BODY VIEWED BY THOUSANDS AS IT LIES IN STATE AT THE CAPITOL, IN INDIANAPOLIS.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, R. L. DUNN.



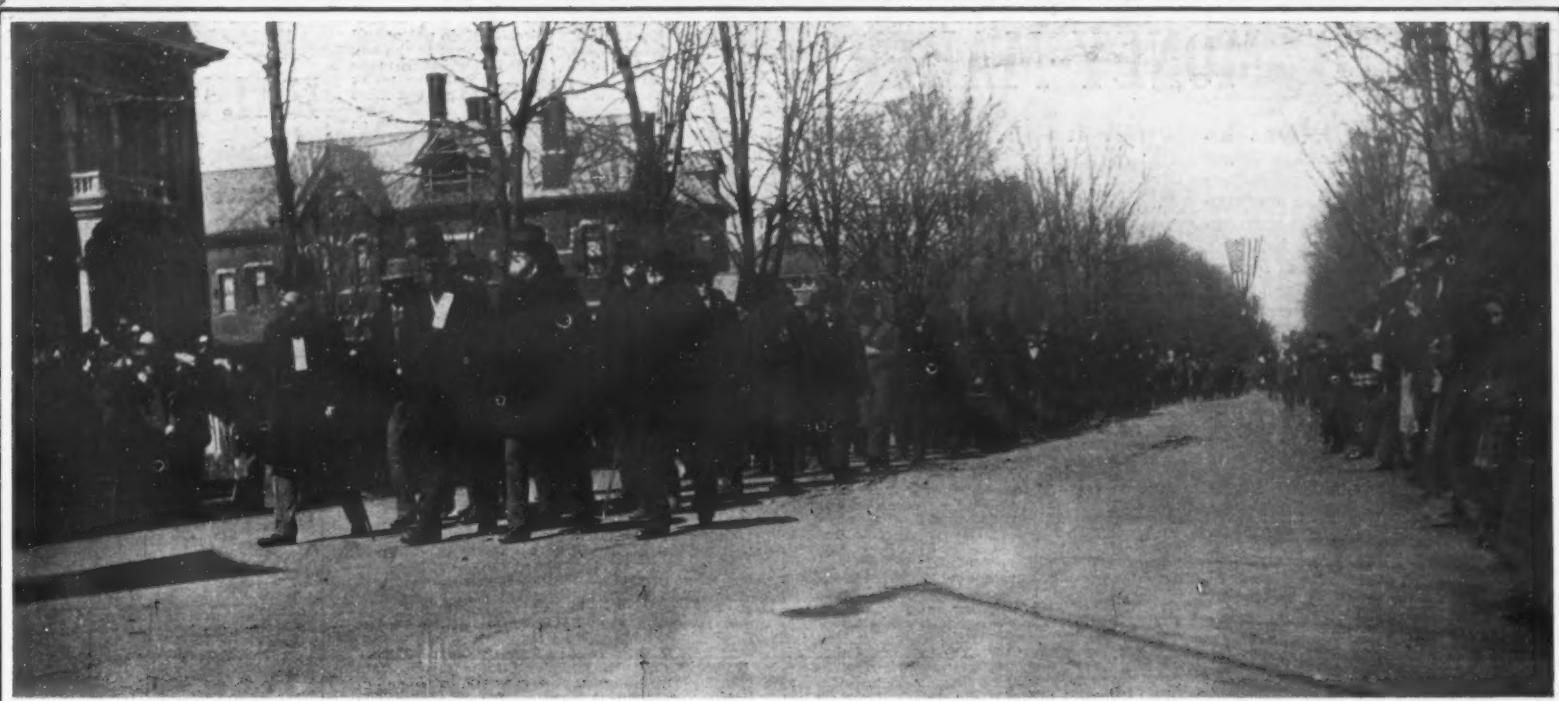
PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND GOVERNOR DURBIN, LEAVING THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, INDIANAPOLIS, SUNDAY MORNING, TO VIEW THE REMAINS OF GENERAL HARRISON.
Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by its Staff Photographer, R. L. Dunn.



THE CROWD AT MONUMENT PLACE, WATCHING IN SILENCE THE PASSING OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by F. M. Clark.

THE NATION IN MOURNING AT THE TOMB OF GENERAL HARRISON.

IMPOSING DEMONSTRATION IN WHICH PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND PROMINENT MEN FROM EVERY PART OF THE COUNTRY PARTICIPATED.



VETERANS OF PRESIDENT HARRISON'S OLD REGIMENT, THE SEVENTIETH INDIANA, TAKING THE PLACE OF HONOR IN THE PROCESSION.
Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by F. M. Clark.



BEARING THE REMAINS INTO THE CROWN HILL CEMETERY.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by its Staff Photographer, R. L. Dunn.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY ENTERING THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH TO ATTEND THE FUNERAL SERVICE WITH MRS. GOVERNOR DURBIN—BEHIND HIM ARE GOVERNOR DURBIN AND SECRETARY CORTELYOU.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly."

THE LAST SAD RITES AT INDIANAPOLIS.

VETERANS OF THE WAR, MEMBERS OF THE CABINET, AND CITIZENS GENERALLY, PAY THEIR TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE LATE PRESIDENT.

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

It is never a good time to plunge in the market when shares and bonds are at their highest level, as they are now. I do not say that there will not be a further advance, but every upward movement brings the market nearer to its culminating point, and when we look back four years and compare the prices of leading shares with those which prevail to-day we must be filled with amazement. It seems hardly credible that four years ago Brooklyn Rapid Transit was selling at 22, Burlington and Quincy at 78, Milwaukee and St. Paul at 76, Northwestern at 103, Rock Island at 67, Louisville and Nashville at 48, Missouri Pacific at 23, Southern Pacific at 14, Southern Railway preferred at 28, and Wabash preferred at 17. It must not be forgotten that stocks are selling now at the highest figures in twenty years, and that they have had a continuous rise during the past five months. On this rising market vast new issues of stocks and bonds have been floated, just as they have been during every great rise, because this is the opportunity of bankers and manipulators to reap a golden harvest. These are not the men who speculate in Wall Street; they are the men who make gigantic fortunes quickly, by manufacturing stocks and bonds on which to feed a hungry public.

"W." Philadelphia: No. (2) No quotation. (3) New York City.

"S." Cleveland, O.: I am unable to obtain information regarding it.

"S." Danvers, Mass.: No. (2) You can do very little with \$100. (3) You will lose nothing by waiting. (4) No.

"D." New York: If present conditions continue, Atchison preferred and Louisville and Nashville are expected to pass par.

"E. C. S." Charlestown, Mass.: I have a very poor opinion of the mining stock, and doubt if it will reach the price you mention.

"M." Lincoln, Neb.: I would hold my Burlington and Quincy, but not too long. (2) Just at present I would hesitate about taking the short side.

"X. Y. Z." Elizabeth, N. J.: I hesitate to advise an investor to buy when prices are abnormally high. On reactions purchases of the stocks you mention ought to yield a profit.

"H. H." New York: Neither firm is rated very well. (2) Many believe that Western Union will be sharply advanced before the bull movement closes. (3) Answered elsewhere in this column.

"M. C." Lewiston, Me.: I would watch the market carefully and not wait for the last cent of profit. Your margin is very slender, and your position hazardous. (2) See answer to "M. New York."

"Z." Lowell, Mass.: I do not believe that Bay State Gas, Home Extension Mining Company, or the North American Gold Dredging Company have sufficient strength behind them to justify speculation in the stocks.

"F." Cambridgeport, Mass.: In the present temper of the market I would not sell my Erie common, though a good profit is always advisable to take. I think especially well of Erie second preferred.

"M. L. D." New Berlin, N. Y.: United States Express stock has been advancing rapidly of late. All the express stocks have an investment value, and I recommended the purchase of United States Express when it sold ten and fifteen points lower.

"Calvert." Baltimore: I would not sell my American Ice, either common or preferred. The recent annual report showed \$1,000,000 surplus in the treasury, January 1st, after the payment of dividends. I look for an advance in both issues.

"H." Circleville, O.: The Seaboard Air Line shares are in the hands of a speculative clique, who can advance them as they please. It looks as if they intended to advance them. (2) Yes, if prosperous conditions continue. (3) Yes. No stamp.

"K." New Orleans: Pacific Mail is now engaged in a rate war. Its earnings have declined and it has sustained a heavy loss by the sinking of the Rio de Janeiro. Operators have not therefore regarded the stock with much favor. It is not as active as it has been.

"Rentier," Pennsylvania: The man who sells stocks short usually has his brokers borrow the stock to make delivery. No matter how much the market may go against you, you are obliged to deliver the stock that you have sold. Your question is not very clear.

"Pylewell": I think you will profit if the iron and steel companies you name are taken into the new combination. From the present outlook they are not included. If the bull movement continues you may be able to escape a loss and I therefore would not sacrifice my stock. No stamp.

"M. J. H." Evansville, Ind.: National Salt company pays 6 per cent. per annum. I do not look upon it as a permanent investment. Neither do I regard National Biscuit common as an investment of a permanent character. I should take the preferred stocks of the industries if I bought either class.

"B." East Boston, Mass.: (A) I advise you to write to the postmaster at Deadwood, or to the president of the bank, or to some clergymen with whom your profession should bring you into closer alliance. (b) No. (b) You are asking obviously too much. Read this column and follow your own best judgment.

"A." Philadelphia, Penn.: I do not advise short sales of St. Louis and San Francisco stocks. (2) If prosperous conditions continue, purchases of Texas Pacific, Kansas City Southern common and preferred, Erie second preferred, American Ice common, and Wabash debenture B's ought all to yield a profit.

"C. K." New York: Kansas City Southern common, unless the market reacts strongly, should show a further advance. I do not regard Colorado Southern common with as much favor, on the basis of its earning power. (2) Too much manipulation of it. It looks high for a non-dividend payer. It is a great gambling stock.

"Inquirer," Newark Valley, N. Y.: If I had New York Electric Vehicle I would keep it. If I did not have it I would not buy it. It is a speculative gamble. I would only keep it until I could get out without a loss. (2) Tennessee Coal and Iron, if the present prospects of the iron trade continue, ought to sell for what you paid for it.

"S. B." New Hartford, Conn.: I do not advise the purchase of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company's stock for permanent investment. Its future is not assured. (2) Rubber Goods common does not make a satisfactory report of its earnings. I therefore would not advise its purchase, although its friends assert that it is selling at a low figure.

"W." Plainsboro, N. J.: I believe in the future of Chicago and Great Western. If I bought any

of the stocks I would take the preferred A for a long pull. (2) No. (3) If present conditions continue you will probably get a higher price for your Pressed Steel Car preferred. (4) A reaction is due at any time, though few expect it immediately.

"C." Duquesne, Penn.: Very little of the stock has been sold here, and it is impossible to get quotations on it. (2) I regard Chesapeake and Ohio as one of the good low-priced stocks with a growing future. (3) Whether the local-traction interests combine or not, Manhattan has merit of its own. I have recommended its purchase for many months.

"C." Parkersburg, W. Va.: The stocks you name are pretty high, though their friends insist that all the old dividend-payers will be still further advanced. It will be better to select stocks that have not been pushed forward too much. I hear good reports about Amalgamated Copper, Kansas City Southern, Wabash debenture B's, and American Ice preferred.

"G." New Bedford, Mass.: I doubt if you would lose anything by making the change. I think well of Union Pacific common, and if the market continues to develop strength, it is expected to sell above par. (2) Your Reading first preferred ought to yield you a profit, unless the coal strike becomes a more important factor than it is at this writing.

"Lamb" Des Moines, Ia.: If the Northern Pacific sells its land holdings for \$40,000,000, and with this retires its preferred stock, the common stock should appreciate in value; but of course the assets of the Northern Pacific will not hereafter include its valuable land possessions. (2) The Gold and Stock Telegraph Co. has replaced the tickers in the office of Lewis A. May & Co.

"H." Burlington, Vt.: The passing of the dividend on the stock of the American Strawboard Company is due to the floating indebtedness of the concern and to the alleged failure of the straw crop in Ohio and Indiana. The concern needs new capital. The reckless mismanagement of many of our industries by the stock jobbers connected with them makes prudent investors wary of dealing in their shares.

"D." Baltimore: Your first five questions can be answered in the affirmative, provided prosperous conditions continue. (6) No. (7) No; it is a gamble. (8) I believe in Long Island stock for a long pull.

"S." Danvers, Mass.: No. (2) You can do very little with \$100. (3) You will lose nothing by waiting. (4) No.

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"W." Plainsboro, N. J.: I believe in the future of Chicago and Great Western. If I bought any

margin at the purchase price. (2) I do not regard Rubber common with great favor, yet if the bull feeling continues, all the industrials will share in the advance, and for this reason, if you even up at a lower price, you may be able to get out more quickly.

"C." Cleveland, O.: I regard Erie common as a good speculation. How long to hold it depends upon market conditions. (2) A combination of the great bankers and trust companies could make money dearer almost any day. Their interests of late have been to make it cheap. (3) Many rumors regarding the combination of Erie with a transcontinental line have been published. It already virtually controls the railroad you mention. (4) Cannot advise on cotton. (5) It would.

"K." St. Paul, Minn.: Your first seven questions in reference to the wheat market, I cannot answer. I deal only with stock-market questions. (7) Yes. (8) Delivery must be made at once. The seller usually borrows the stock that he sells short. (9) Yes. (10) Yes. (11) One eighth of one per cent. (12) Only the commission. (13) From any stock broker. (14) Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York, issue a handy little book of quotations, which they mail without charge. (15) Everything depends upon the operator. The balance of your questions can be answered by any banker in your city.

"F." Bethlehem, Penn.: I have looked over the documents. The statement seems to be satisfactory, but the trouble with all such private industrial enterprises is that everything depends upon the honesty and efficiency of the management and its power to control the market, or at least to get its share of the business. Of course, stockholders in such enterprises will always find it more difficult to dispose of their stock than of stocks or bonds that find a ready market on the stock exchange. These are the reasons why shares in the small industries, even though they pay handsome dividends, are not sought after by Wall Street investors.

"D. K." New York: The common stock of American Car and Foundry Company represents water. It is selling for all it is worth, but manipulation may send it higher. (2) Southern Railroad common hardly stands on the same plane with Atchison common, basing this judgment on the earnings of the respective companies, but Southern common, if prosperous conditions continue, is likely to advance. A cheaper speculative stock is Kansas City Southern common. (3) It is not wise to buy on a very high market with an expectation of holding for a long and profitable pull. It is better to buy when the market is depressed. It takes patience to wait for such a time, but all things come to him who waits.

"J. B." Dallas, Tex.: Communicate with Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street. I think your plan will be acceptable, and their high standing will assure you of fair treatment. Your plan ought to be satisfactory, as you are prepared to keep your account good at any time. (2) Careful investors sometimes follow the plan of buying investment securities, stocks or bonds, before the dividends are due, taking advantage of the dividend, and selling them later at the purchase price or at a profit. This sort of business is safer if done in bonds than in stocks, for bonds are less liable to be affected by sharp reactions. (3) You must deliver stocks sold short, and it is for you to arrange with your broker with reference to borrowing and carrying them. No broker of high standing will ever take advantage of a customer. (4) Missouri, Kansas and Texas fives, Kansas City Southern threes, and Southern Railway fives are all excellent to deal in. Some of the preferred industrial stocks, such as American Ice, International Paper, and International Salt, are selling at reasonable figures, but the industrial shares, of course, are not regarded as the highest and safest form of investment.

(Continued on page 321.)

FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE.

**E. H. NORTON & CO.,
BANKERS,**
33 Wall Street, NEW YORK.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.
NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE.

5% GUARANTEED UPON INVESTMENTS (OF \$50 OR MORE).

Without any element of speculation or risk a rate of interest greater than small sums usually earn is realized through the medium of this Company.

Company incorporated in 1893.

Capital paid in . . . \$ 800,000.00
Assets now over . . . 1,450,000.00
Contingent fund and undivided profits. . . 150,000.00

Subject to banking supervision. Depositors are guaranteed 5 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly, and deposits participate in all further earnings of the company when not withdrawn for a certain fixed period.

Write for full and exact information concerning the Company's stability, reputation and record.

**Industrial Savings & Loan Co.,
Broadway, cor. 26th St., New York.**

Proposals for \$2,500,000.00 3½% Corporate Stock

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Exempt from all Taxation in the State of New York, except for State Purposes.

Principal and Interest Payable in Gold

EXECUTORS, ADMINISTRATORS, GUARDIANS, AND OTHERS HOLDING TRUST FUNDS ARE AUTHORIZED BY SECTION 9 OF ARTICLE 1 OF CHAPTER 417 OF THE LAWS OF 1897 TO INVEST IN THIS STOCK.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, at his office, No. 250 Broadway, in the City of New York, until

Monday, the 25th day of March, 1901,

at 2 o'clock P. M., for the whole or a part of the following described Registered Stock of the City of New York, bearing interest at the rate of THREE AND ONE-HALF PER CENT. per annum, to wit:

\$2,500,000 CORPORATE STOCK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF RAPID TRANSIT RAILROAD.

Principal payable November 1, 1950.

A Deposit of TWO PER CENT. (in money or certified check on a National or State Bank in the City of New York) required.

For fuller information see CITY RECORD.

Copies to be procured at No. 2 City Hall.

BIRD S. COLER, Comptroller.

THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE.

MARCH 12, 1901.

THE Real Estate Trust Company OF PHILADELPHIA

Southeast Corner Chestnut and Broad Streets

Capital (full paid) . . . \$1,000,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits \$700,000

Allows Interest on Deposits subject to check. Rents Safe-Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof Vaults.

Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Philadelphia and its vicinity. Collects Rents and takes general charge and management of Property.

Executes Trusts of every description under the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer Agent for Corporations, and as Trustee under Corporation Mortgages.

FRANK K. HIPPLE, President
GEORGE PHILLER, Vice-President
WILLIAM F. NORTH, Treasurer
WILLIAM R. PHILLER, Secretary

THOMAS B. PROSSER, Real Estate Officer
ROBERT D. CHRISKEY, Cashier

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

THEATRE-GOERS in Paris are publicly agitating the question whether they are not paying too much for seats at first-class play-houses. The same subject has been frequently agitated on this side of the water. There is justice in the demand that the extravagant figures at which the best seats at first-class theatres are sold should be reduced to rates that formerly prevailed. Two of New York's prominent theatres, the Victoria and the Broadway, recognizing the fact that there is more money in popular than in high prices, have made a sweeping reduction, and both appear to have profited greatly by this stroke of enterprise. Of course no one can blame the managers, from the purely mercenary standpoint, for getting all they can out of the public. If the latter is willing to pay two, or even five, dollars a seat, it is the manager's business to take the money. However, the managers fail to recognize the fact that they would make more money, and make it more easily, if they fixed their tariff at a reasonable

lady, who retires to return to Europe. Miss Anglin next season will be the leading lady of Charles Frohman's company. No other young woman on the stage has been advanced more rapidly on her merits, and I predict a career of still greater and wider success for this painstaking, earnest, and conscientious actress. Miss Anglin does not depend upon beauty of face or symmetry of form for success though she cannot be called unprepossessing. She is a correct interpreter of an art which she loves, and to which she is devoted. She succeeds because of her sincerity, her earnestness, and her zeal. This is the highest tribute that can be paid to art that falls short of genius.

One of the novelties which the American public will wait to see with some interest is coming, in the person of Señor La Fresca, whom Manager George C. Tyler, of Liebler & Co., has picked up in Havana. The señor is said to be the most marvelous lightning-change artist in the world, and is able to make forty-five transformations, one after the other, during his "turn" on the stage. He is a versatile individual, playing all sorts of musical instruments, singing like a bird, and changing his voice like an expert ventriloquist.

"Lovers' Lane," at the Manhattan, a pretty and a clean play, deserves the protracted run it is enjoying. Homely portrayals of rural life seem to have a special attraction for a public satiated by sensationalism, red fire, and stage gymnastics.

Among this season's Lenten entertainers, Mrs. Frances Carter has held a deservedly high place as a recitationist and dramatic reader. The entire absence of self-consciousness makes her impersonations the more delightful. The charm of her work was recently attested in a very gratifying way at the apartments of Mrs. Norman Munro, Waldorf-Astoria, where Mrs. Carter held the close attention and sympathy of her audience throughout a varied programme of humor, pathos, and tragedy.

Julia Marlowe and company, Amelia Bingham, Blanche Bates and Campbell Gollan in a new one-act play, Lillian Russell and De Wolf Hopper, J. H. Stoddart and Maud Harrison in "One Touch of Nature," Weber & Fields and David Warfield, James T. Powers, William Collier, J. E. Dodson, Annie Irish and Robert Edeson in a one-act play, Annie Yeomans and Viola Allen and company, have contributed their services for the testimonial benefit to be tendered Madame Janauschek by the women of the American stage, at Wallack's Theatre on the afternoon of Friday, April 12th. Not only has Mr. Theodore Moss given Miss Bingham, the chairman of the committee on arrangements, the use of his theatre, but he has also secured for her the assistance of the *attachés* of the house, and of Mr. Dave Braham and the Wallack Theatre orchestra. Mr. Charles Burnham, who is acting-treasurer of the benefit, has received a check for \$500 for an orchestra seat. It was accompanied by a request that the donor's name be withheld from publication.

The new play written by Theodore Burt Sayre for Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, recently produced for the first time at Wallack's Theatre, is called "Manon Lescaut," but it might just as well have been called anything else. It is a mixture of humor, pathos, extravagance, and wickedness. It is a melodrama of the howling kind, a little unusual on Broadway, but not unfamiliar on the Bowery. A good many amusement-seekers like to live for a little while in the lurid atmosphere of such a performance, and perhaps it will enjoy something of a run, but it does not appeal to me, and is not of a class that deserves or obtains substantial success. Neither does it give either of the star performers an opportunity to display the ability they have shown in sundry other parts. Miss Shannon is always lovable and charming, and she puts a great deal of fire into her work. Her support, outside of Frederick Perry and William Boag, is not noticeably strong. The play is handsomely mounted, and for those who like this sort of a performance will furnish a lively evening's entertainment.

The reduction in the tariff at Hammerstein's Victoria has brought out enormous crowds to see the revised version of "My Lady." The performance is a vaudeville show of the best sort. As many foresaw when Miss Margaret Anglin made her great success in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," at the Empire, early this winter, she is to succeed Miss Jessie Millward, the leading

pear in "The Climbers," at the Bijou. Those re-engaged include Robert Edeson, Frank Worthing, Ferdinand Gottschalk, John Flood, James Bennett Sturgis, Edward Moreland, Henry Warwick, Minnie Dupree, Clara Bloodgood, Madge Carr Cook, and Florence Lloyd.

JASON.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

A DISPATCH from Fort Scott, Kansas, states that the supreme officers of the Order of Select Friends, the fraternal insurance institution for which a receiver was recently appointed, place its liabilities at \$16,000, while others insist that it has unpaid claims amounting to \$50,000, or more. The dispatch adds that "The losses will fall principally upon the older policy-holders, as they will be barred by age from joining any other order." Suppose the members of this Order of Select Friends had put their \$50,000 into old-line insurance in one of the strong leading companies, like the Mutual Life, the Equitable, the New York Life, the Prudential, or any of the others that are on a permanent solid basis, what would be the condition of these policy-holders now? They would not hold insurance to the same amount as that which they held in the Order of Select Friends, but they would have the satisfaction of knowing that every dollar they had paid for insurance also had an investment value. It must not be forgotten that the radical difference between fraternal and old-line insurance is that the former only looks at the present, while the latter safeguards the future. In the former a man's policy or membership decreases in value with age, because the burdens of the order increase with the ages of its members. In an old-line company the policy increases in value from year to year, because a part of the premium is set aside for a surplus to meet emergencies. If the latter kind of insurance costs more than the former, it is obviously because it is worth more; and, therefore, I would rather have a policy for \$500 in an old-line company of assured vitality than a policy for \$1,000, or rather a membership benefit for that amount, in any fraternal order.

"F." Rockville, Conn.: Try the Provident Savings Life Association of New York.

"C." Cleveland, Ohio: You pay about the same rate that would be charged in any other company. I would not change. The Penn Mutual makes a good report.

"B." Diamondville, Wyo.: I do not deal with investment securities, but only with life-insurance matters. Any banker will probably give you a rating of the company you refer to.

"Kicker." Baltimore, Md.: The assessments called for by the Ancient Order of United Workmen were increased in number last year. The membership is not showing as large a percentage of increase as heretofore.

"R." Lancaster, Penn.: The company in which the re-insurance is proposed is not nearly as strong as the great New York old-line companies. If you are insurable elsewhere I would drop the policy and take a new one in a better company.

"K." Minneapolis, Minn.: The clipping you sent did not give the age of the person insured, and therefore I cannot give an exact calculation. It would not be surprising if the agent had given him misinformation, for out of the 30,000 life insurance agents in the United States there are some who will resort to deceit. Any applicant for insurance can very easily find if an agent's statements are correct by submitting them to the home office. If I had any doubt in the matter I should certainly remove it by consulting the responsible head of the concern.

The Hermit.

Hints to Money-makers.

(Continued from page 320.)

"M." Kingsville, O.: Have nothing to do with him.

"H." Jersey City, N. J.: E. H. Norton & Co., 33 Wall Street.

"F. T. T." Bahway, N. J.: No quotations on the first three stocks you mention. Anaconda and Amalgamated are quoted every day in the stock reports of the New York newspapers.

"B." Brooklyn: Keep the money in a savings-bank for the present. You can deal in fractional lots with E. H. Norton & Co., 33 Wall Street.

(2) Linseed Oil common is a fair speculative purchase. (3) Not much.

"T. K." Glen Ridge, N. J.: Of the stocks you mention, I have more faith in Southern Railway, Ontario and Western, Erie, and Texas Pacific, for a long pull, than in the others, though Wheeling and Lake Erie, and also Seaboard, are in strong hands.

"Sugars." Russellville, Ala.: Standing not high. Always take the highest. (2) If the iron market maintains its strength, Tennessee Coal and Iron ought to advance. As to its actual earning capacity I cannot speak, because no balance-sheet is made public. (3) Insiders believe that Sugar is more liable to advance than to decline. (4) Everything depends upon market conditions.

"M." Colorado Springs, Col.: The earnings of Missouri Pacific justify its large advance. If I were short of it, I would get out at the most favorable opportunity. Of course, all stocks must ultimately decline, though it may take a number of years before they reach the figures at which you have sold. Yet any extraordinary financial event, coming without warning, might give you an opportunity to cover. The other three stocks you have sold short all show special strength.

NEW YORK, March 21st, 1901.

JASPER.



MISS ADELAIDE THURSTON, A POPULAR YOUNG AMERICAN ACTRESS.

to recognize the fact that they would make more money, and make it more easily, if they fixed their tariff at a reasonable



MISS GRACE CAMERON, THE "DAPHNE" IN "FOXY QUILLER."

as ghosts can ever be, and Grace Elliston and Arnold Daly aid to make the entertainment well-nigh perfect. Captain Marshall's fantastic play is one of the things that every one who enjoys a delightful performance should see. It is decidedly novel and thoroughly entertaining.

The reduction in the tariff at Hammerstein's Victoria has brought out enormous crowds to see the revised version of "My Lady." The performance is a vaudeville show of the best sort.

As many foresaw when Miss Margaret Anglin made her great success in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," at the Empire, early this winter, she is to succeed Miss Jessie Millward, the leading



MAXINE ELLIOTT, MAY ROBSON, AND ELSIE DE WOLFE CONGRATULATING AMELIA BINGHAM AT A DRESS REHEARSAL OF "THE CLIMBERS."—Photograph by Byron.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.



A WISE PRECAUTION.

PHRENOLOGIST—"My friend, I find you have a most remarkable memory."

MR. MULCAHAY—"Profissor, wud yez moind puttin' thot down an a ship av paper so's Oi won't fergit it?"

March as It Is.

"TIS the meanest month of all
In the hull year's lot,
When the sun perdures mud,
But it never shines hot;
When a thawy sort o' freeze
In the air abides,
An' the symptoms of disease
Stir our shiverin' insides.

Yet nothin' is so bad but
What it might be worse,
Which is why I'm tryin' hard
For to write this verse;
For I've alays noticed this—
An' it gives me cheer—
If I git through March,
Wy, I stan' it all the year.

C. A. B.

It Was the Cow.

AN amusing incident is related by the commander of one of the finest English liners running to Cape Good Hope. He was once steaming down the channel, when a thick fog came on. At such times he never leaves the bridge, and keeps on sounding the fog-horn himself. On this occasion, after sounding the signal, he heard a fog-horn in reply right ahead. He turned the ship's head a point to avoid collision and then sounded again. Again the reply came, "Bo-o-o-o," right ahead as before. The vessel's head was put back to the same position as at first, and once more the fog-horn was sounded. Still the reply came as before, right ahead, "Bo-o-o-o." "It was very strange; I could not make it out," said the captain, telling the yarn. "I tried again; still the same 'Bo-o-o-o' right ahead. A feeling of superstition began to creep over me, and I was giving myself a mental shake to pull myself together, when the look-out man forward called out, 'It's the old coo, sir.' And so in truth it was—the milch cow kept on the forecastle for the use of the ship. She, no doubt, took the 'bo-o-o-ing' of the signal for the cry of a companion in distress, and gave a sympathetic response. "I could not help laughing," added the captain, "but it was really no laughing matter."

Curious Advertisements.

THE cannibalistic advertisement for a servant who could "cook and dress children" reminds the Liverpool Post of one or two other misrepresentations of a similar kind. "Dine here, and you will never dine anywhere else" is a startling, though doubtless meant to be an alluring, statement which appeared in gigantic letters in the window of a cheap restaurant. "Wanted, a room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad" suggests anatomical monstrosities; and there is something terribly sinister in this advertisement of a furrier, "Mr. Butcher begs to announce that he is willing to make up capes, jackets, etc., for ladies out of their own skins." Less astonishing is the legend we once saw adorning a tub of yellow mixture of very uncertain origin, "Superior butter, 6d. per lb. Nobody can touch it." Most probably not! That "a respectable widow wants washing" might not be an extraordinary occurrence; but "Wanted a boy who can open oysters with a reference" takes for granted a skill which we must utterly refuse to believe.

A Youthful Philosopher.

Lady (calling on Edith's mamma)—"Edith, how old are you?"

Edith—"Three years old. I should like to be four, but (with a sigh) I suppose some one must be three."

A Sincere Girl.

"Miss GOLDBY flattahed me verwy much yestahday," said Freddie Hayrebrane.

"Indeed?"

"Ya-as. She told me that when I came out on the stage in ouah pwivate theatwicals I looked good enough to eat."

"Well, that is substantially what she remarked to me. She said your face was like a boiled lobster."

Luring the Unwary.

"I NOTICE that the proprietor of the restaurant next door displays the choicest cuts and the most delicious-looking vegetables in front of the mirrors in his window."

"Yes; he evidently likes to give the people food for reflection."

His Best Wishes.

"I HAD a letter from Clara, who is in London, in which she said she was to be presented at court."

"I hope the poor girl will be acquitted."

Local Jealousy.

Twynn—"Up in Minneapolis the opponents of women's activities never quote what St. Paul said about women's subjection."

Triplett—"Why not?"

Twynn—"They don't think much of St. Paul at Minneapolis."

His Only Objection.

"I LOVE to hear you talk, my dear," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, when she paused to take breath at the end of the second column of a curtain-lecture, "but your volubility is really a reflection on my wisdom."

"How so?"

"Because a word to the wise is sufficient."

Unfamiliar Celebrities.

THE pugilist who does all his talking in the ring.
The contractor who does not always bring in a bill of "extras."

The woman who has the slightest compassion on an unfortunate one of her sex.

The man who exacts payment of a debt on the hour and settles on the same basis.

The woman who did have some luck with her spongecake when company came.

The German who cannot drink thirty glasses of lager-beer without showing the effects of it.

The Bowery saloon-keeper who does not sell the largest and best glass of beer in the city for five cents.

Conservative.

"I THINK," said the emphatic girl, "that the way in which she treats her husband is positively awful."

"Well," replied Willie Widdles, "to say the least it's awfully positive."

Her Piece de Resistance.

Mr. Fraidover—"I don't dare bring any of the fellows home unexpectedly because I never know what my wife may have for dinner."

Mr. Bravitout—"Oh, I always know what my wife will have, because in a case of that sort she invariably has the same thing."

Mr. Fraidover (interestedly)—"And what is that?"

Mr. Bravitout—"A fit."

The Same Old Excuse.

Magistrate—"Well, young man, what excuse have you for taking the picture when you were forbidden to do it?"

Young Man—"Judge, I didn't know my camera was loaded."

One Author's Scheme.

Hojack—"Have you heard Trenchant Penn's plan for getting that weird spelling he uses in his dialect stories?"

Tomdick—"No; what is it?"

Hojack—"He dictates his stories to his nine-year-old daughter, who ticks them off on the typewriter."



A SOFT SNAP.

IKE—"Say, Jake, I've got a daisy job fer yer."

JAKE—"What's dat?"

IKE—"Why, a feller over in Barnum's wants a man ter ketch cannon-balls when he shoots 'em out uv a gun—gives yer eight dollars a day."

A Little Too Fast.

"LOOK here, sir," said the irate customer to the dry-goods clerk; "you sold me this piece of goods warranted a fast color. It was green when I bought it, and now it has turned to a sickly blue in less than two weeks."

"Well, madam," expostulated the clerk, "you could hardly expect a color to go faster than that."

The Wife at Easter.

SHE pretends it is love,

But it means a new bonnet.

Why kind as a dove?

She pretends it is love,

But I am above

All such guile and frown on it.

She pretends it is love,

But it means a new bonnet.

JAMES JAY O'CONNELL.

We Rise To Remark.

HE who would convince must believe.

A miss is as good as a mile—of old maids.

In the home the power behind the throne is the eldest daughter.

You can't always catch old voters with chaff.

He lives high who skims the cream of life, but he does not fare badly who bores a hole in the bottom of the pan.

Death is the advertisement at the end of our autobiography, wherein people discover its virtues.

How It Works.

Primus—"Your theory about moral suasion with children is pretty enough, but have you ever known it to work?"

Secundus—"Why, yes. I've never had to strike a child of mine save in self-defense."

The Secret of Her Success.

MRS. BLITHE seems to be very popular, with the gentlemen. They all seem anxious to have a word with her. Is she a brilliant conversationalist?"

"No, she is not a brilliant conversationalist; but she makes every man think he is."

A Drop Too Much.

Mr. Tomdik—"The newspaper has an account of a man who was eating candy. He tried to swallow a gumdrop, but it stuck in his throat and choked him to death."

Mrs. Tomdik—"That is a warning against intemperance."

Mr. Tomdik—"How do you make that out?"

Mrs. Tomdik—"The man evidently took a drop too much."

A LITTLE boy who has been used to receive his older brother's toys and clothes recently remarked: "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"



Anticipation.



THE EXPLOSION OF AN AMBITION.



THE RULING PASSION.
THE SAINTED DUGAN—"Why did yez throw yer golden harp down, Pat?"
The sainted Flanagan—"Begorra, Moike! didn't yez hear the whistle blow?"—Judge.

EFFECTIVE.

"WHAT an exceedingly impressive voice Mr. Thornton has," remarked Miss Frocks.

"Yes," added Mr. Thornton's hated rival; "I have heard him order liver and onions at a restaurant in tones that brought tears to the eye."—Judge.

THE superior service between New York and Boston via the Springfield Line of the Boston and Albany Railroad is worthy of notice. Their trains leave either city at 9:00 A. M., 12:00 noon, 4:00 P. M., and 11:00 P. M. An excellent dinner is served in dining-car on the 4:00 P. M. train.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures a cough or cold in short order. One bottle of this wonderful remedy will effect a cure. It is absolutely the best cough syrup made. Price 25c.

"A DOZEN on the shell," some celery and a pint of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is a lunch for the gods.

THE Sohmer Piano ranks among the best for excellence of tone, durability, and finish.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

A WELL-APPOINTED home is scarcely complete without telephone service. Rates in Manhattan from \$60 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St.

BUILD up your systems after the hot season by using Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her deafness and noises in the head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, gave \$25,000 to his institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address No. L. 894, the Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

REKTALIN PILES CURED with REKTALIN. The first application gives immediate relief. Sent on receipt of one dollar. SCHAEFER CHEMICAL COMPANY, 313 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

X-RAY ELECTROSCOPE
SAFE, SURE, PERMANENT.
Beautiful booklet mailed showing a perfectly developed Form on receipt of 2c. to pay postage.
THE MADAME TAXIS TOILET CO., DEPT. 98. CHICAGO, ILL.

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The
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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.

MORPHINE LAUDANUM, and
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EFFECT, PAINLESS,
HOME CURE KNOWN. TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.
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A Chest Developer
THAT DEVELOPS.
SAFE, SURE, PERMANENT.
Beautiful booklet mailed showing a perfectly developed Form on receipt of 2c. to pay postage.
THE MADAME TAXIS TOILET CO., DEPT. 98. CHICAGO, ILL.

A Great Opportunity

For every young man by moderate outlay to place himself on the road to wealth is offered by

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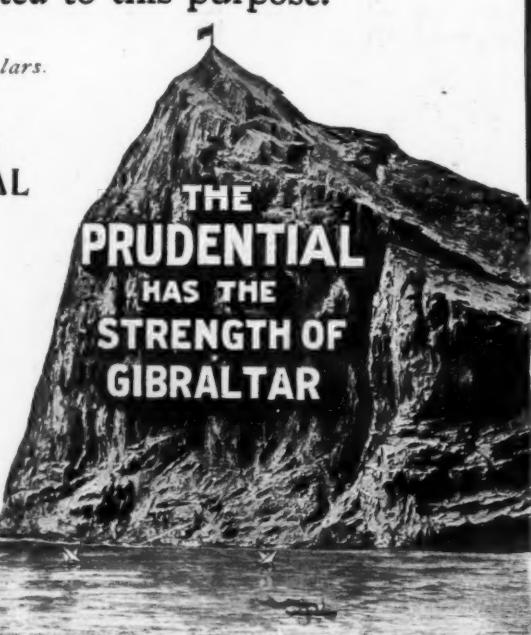
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contains more digestible nourishment than the finest Beef tea. For Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, it is unequalled. Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

SPALDING



COLUMBIA SALES DEPARTMENT
Hartford, Conn.
SPALDING SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Catalog of Spalding Dealers, or by mail.

THE most beneficent contribution that invention has made to our civilization is the BICYCLE

Rambler Bicycles

"22-year-old favorites"

continue to hold, from year to year, a high place in the esteem of discriminating wheel buyers

Price, \$40

Rambler Bevel-Gear Chainless and Racer a LITTLE more, worth MUCH more.

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A \$5.00 BOOK FOR \$1.00.

The Latest and Best Publication on Modern Artistic Dwellings and Other Buildings of Low Cost.

PALLISER'S AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE; Or, Every Man a Complete Builder.

BE YOUR OWN ARCHITECT.

This book will save you hundreds of dollars if you are thinking about building a house.

If you are thinking of building a house you ought to buy the new book, Palliser's American Architecture; or, Every Man a Complete Builder, prepared by Palliser, Palliser & Co., the well-known Architects.

There is not a builder or any one intending to build or otherwise interested that can afford to be without it. It is a practical work and everybody buys it. The best, cheapest and most popular book ever issued on Building. Nearly four hundred drawings. A \$5 book in size and style, but we have determined to make it meet the popular demand, to suit the times, so that it can be easily reached by all.

This book contains 104 pages 11x14 inches in size, and consists of large 9x12 plate pages giving plans, elevations, perspective views, descriptions, owners' names, actual cost of construction, no guess work, and instructions. How to Build 70 Cottages, Villas, Double Houses, Brick Block Houses, suitable for city suburbs, town and country houses for the farm, and workingmen's homes, for all sections of the country, and costing from \$300 to \$6,000; also Barns, Stables, School House, Town Hall, Churches, and other public buildings, together with specifications, form of contract, and a large amount of information on the erection of buildings, selection of site, employment of architects. It is worth \$5 to any one, but I will send it in paper cover by mail, postpaid, on receipt of \$1; bound in cloth, \$2.

If you ever intend to build get this book and study it before you commence. This should be your first step toward building a house, so as to ascertain what kind of a house you want and find out how much it is going to cost before going ahead.

There is not one person in a hundred that builds a house but that wishes, after it is too late, that he had made some different arrangements on planning the interior, and would give many dollars to have had it otherwise, but it is too late.

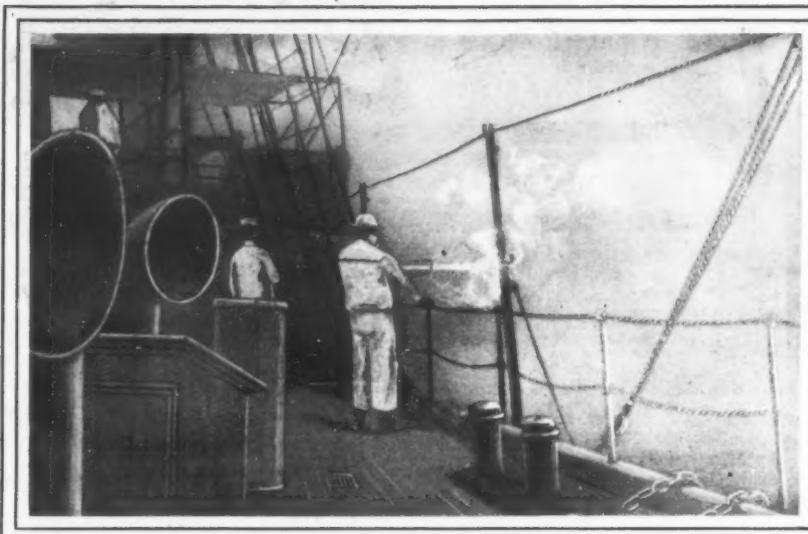
Also there is not one in a hundred but that will tell you that his house is costing a great deal more than he calculated it would. The reason of this is he starts to build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large imaginations. About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginations vanish and his money with them.

The value of this work to builders cannot be estimated, as it contains designs for just such houses as they are called on to build every day in the week.

There is not a builder in the country who can afford to neglect this book.

Remit by Express or Postal Money Order.

Address All Orders to JUDGE CO., 110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



ONE OF THE "BENNINGTON'S" SIX-INCH RIFLES SCATTERING INSURGENTS ON THE BEACH AT BORONAN.



BORONAN'S FINE OLD CHURCH, USED AS INSURGENT BARRACKS AND BURNED BY THE FILIPINOS.

GENERAL HARE'S DIFFICULT CAMPAIGN IN SAMAR.

THE ARMY AND THE NAVY COMBINE TO CRUSH REBELLION IN THIS PEST SPOT OF THE PHILIPPINES.—Photograph by Our Staff Photographer in Samar.

Samar a Pest-spot of Insurrection. The Last Review—London, February 2d, 1901.

(Staff Correspondence of *Leslie's Weekly*.)

CATBALOGAN, ISLAND OF SAMAR, P. I., February 15th, 1901.—This little island, just south of Luzon, is one of the worst insurgent pest-spots of the East. It is not a large island, though one of the most important in the group. It has an area of about 5,300 square miles, which makes it barely 400 square miles larger than Connecticut, and the population numbers less than a quarter of a million. The country is mountainous in the extreme, while the rugged coast has many indentations sufficient for the harborage of vessels bringing insurgent troops, arms, and supplies. Hence General Hare, who has had command here, has found his task of wiping out insurrection very difficult.

Insurgents appear and disappear, attacking point after point in succession, and traveling so rapidly between points that our troops are worn out with following them. The little brown men never continue fighting once they perceive that they are whipped. Running and fighting another day is their plan of campaign in Samar, yet they contrive to make themselves most troublesome. Here, at Catbalogan, which is the army headquarters of this island, the Filipinos frequently creep into the hills that surround the town. In ambush they watch for good pot-shots in the streets. Some days the air is full of the hiss of the Mauser. If troops are sent out to catch them, the little brown pests vanish, but are sure to be heard from again.

All the important towns of Samar are garrisoned, but the detachments of troops are small in each case, and there are few companies of our men to be spared for expeditionary purposes. There are no large organizations of the enemy, but their fleetness of foot and persistency enable them to keep all our soldiers from growing slothful. So active are the insurgents around Catbalogan that our outpost near the hills is provided with a Gatling gun, to help stem any sudden rush upon the town, while one of the smaller vessels of the navy is usually kept in the harbor to aid the army.

Recently, the *Bennington* made a short trip over to Borongan, on the west coast of the island. The beach was thoroughly shelled, the gun-boat's forward six-inch rifle doing splendid work. After thoroughly setting fire to the town the rebels retreated northward. As is usual in these small Philippine towns, the church was the only really magnificent structure in the place. The Borongan church dated, probably, from the days of the early Spanish *conquistadores*. It would doubtless have stood for hundreds of years to come, for the Spaniards of by-gone days were wonderful builders. However, the Filipino, in his present rage against the ecclesiastics, permits a church to stand only as long as he can use it for a fort or a barracks.

In the opinion of the military officers on duty here, there is but one way to stamp out the insurrection in Samar. Sufficient extra troops should be landed here to begin a determined movement that would result in sweeping the island of rebels from one end to the other. Two months, our officers believe, would be sufficient time for the accomplishment of this purpose, and after that the extra troops could be used in other islands. But every one in the service appreciates the great difficulty that General MacArthur experiences in "squeezing out" an extra battalion for service anywhere.

E. M. W.

THE crimson cross of England hung
Half-masted in the wintry air;
A waiting crowd in weeds of woe
Packed closely every thoroughfare,
And thirty thousand gallant men,
Not one to fields of glory new,
With arms reversed and heavy hearts
Stood ready for the last review.
The houses tall were draped in black,
A mist of weeping veiled the day;
They heard the bells begin to toll,
They heard the solemn dead-march play.
Upon a caisson wrapped in flags,
By six white horses drawn in state,
Between her gorgeous soldiers passed
Victoria, the good and great.
Beneath the white and silver pall,
Below the flags in sorrow furled,
Was stilled the voice that spoke for peace
In all the counsels of the world.
Queen, wife, and mother—three in one—
Lay silent on that splendid bier,
And every nation bared the head
And gave the tribute of a tear.

MINNA IRVING.

A New Motive Power.

A DEMONSTRATION was recently made proving a new principle in engine practice which should revolutionize the method of supplying individual power to cars on railroads where a quick and economical service is required for distances not exceeding thirty miles. This test was made on the tracks of the New York Central Railroad between High Bridge and Van Cortland Park. Our illustration represents the car used, after the successful trip had been completed. The system used is controlled by the Storage Power Company, of which W. Seward Webb is president. The patents covering this power were obtained by W. E. Prall. After years of experiments his theoretical ideas have been realized, in practical tests. The most remarkable feature of this system is the extreme simplicity of construction and the small cost of the plant and equipment to make it serviceable. A generating plant consisting only of a nest of vertical tubes in a boiler is all that is required to heat the water up to about 500 degrees Fahrenheit. This water is charged into cylinders carried beneath the car, from which it is automatically passed through a tappet, or measuring-valve, into the clearance space of the high-pressure cylinder in small regulable doses. The engines are of the compound reciprocating type. As the water enters the clearance space it immediately expands into steam and its force is utilized against the head of the piston, the exhaust passing into the low pressure cylinder, where its remaining power is converted into work. At the recent trial it was shown that it is possible to drive a car weighing 68,000 pounds, loaded with seventy-five passengers, at a cost, in coal, of two cents per car mile. The car traveled nine miles in twenty minutes. The test was witnessed by officials from the motive power departments of the

New York Central, Manhattan Elevated, Long Island Railroad, and the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Four Hours in Hades.

HAVE you ever been in an oven with the heat at 310 Fahrenheit? I have. Dr. Sprague has a hospital on Forty-second Street, New York, and he has been experimenting with wonderful success on rheumatic gout, rheumatism, and ailments of that character with his wonderful machine known as the Sprague Dry Hot Air Apparatus. Little has been in print about this "baking oven" which has been making these wonderful cures, so I decided on Lincoln's Birthday to give it a trial myself.

I applied at the hospital about ten o'clock in the morning and was at once ushered into the disrobing room, where a trained male nurse was in attendance. I was furnished with a woolen wrapper and was then asked to get upon the table and was lowered into a barrel like steel cylinder apparatus. Just as I was being lowered in this large iron casing I heard a rather peculiar noise that seemed to come from the adjoining room. I learned upon inquiry that the building adjoined a large Kindergarten school. At this point the children commenced singing, "Nearer My God to Thee." I asked the doctor if there was anything ominous about the singing at this peculiar time, and he answered with a smile. After the descent the tube was placed in a reclining position and the heat turned down. At first the temperature was 115 F. and gradually it ascended to 240 degrees. When the heat rose to that height they applied ice-cold water pads at the back of my neck and forehead. Every part of my body was inclosed in this steel arrangement, excepting my head. Then more heat was turned on, and finally it rose to the height of 310 degrees.

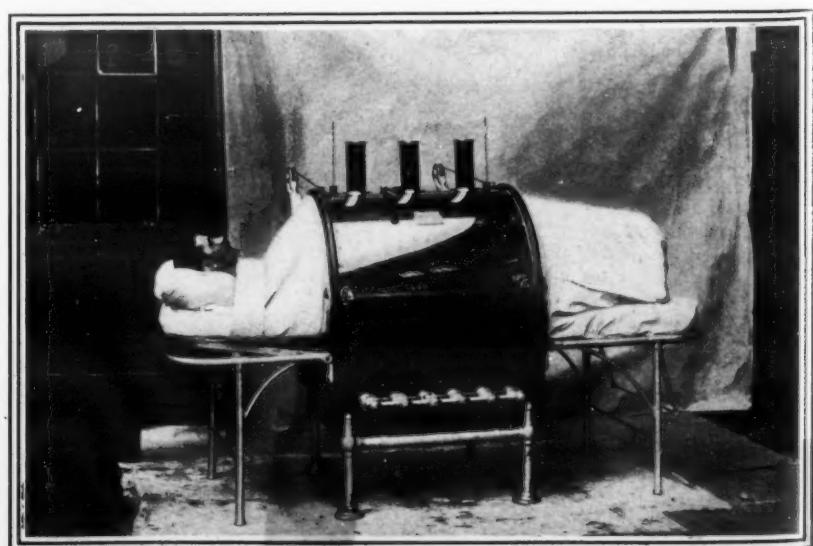
One of the peculiarities of this dry heat was the very curious sensation it produced. At that tremendous temperature the entire body seemed to be like a leaky roof. Water was just oozing from all the pores, and while the treatment was going on, and it lasted nearly three hours, I was reduced in weight about three pounds. After the heat process was over, I was rolled on a cot into an adjoining room, where the temperature was about eighty degrees, which seemed the freezing point, and was bathed with tepid water saturated with antiseptics. Then I was thoroughly washed again with luke-warm water, which seemed like ice, and then greased from head to foot with cocoanut butter specially made for the purpose. It took about four hours to complete this experiment, and when it was finished, I was so pleased with the entertainment, that, instead of taking it as a cure, I am bound to try it again for fun.

When I was put into the cylinder, a pan of dough was placed in it at the same time, and when I came out, the dough was taken out too, and there was as nice a pan of bread as was ever baked in any baker's oven. The doctor explained that the moisture of the body, which has about ninety-five per cent. of water, keeps the skin in such condition that it is impossible to burn one's flesh in this oven. While you are undergoing the "baking process," you are constantly given water to drink.

W. J. A.



A WONDERFUL HOT-WATER MOTOR-CAR THAT MADE NINE MILES IN TWENTY MINUTES ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.



WHERE HEAT IS 310 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT.

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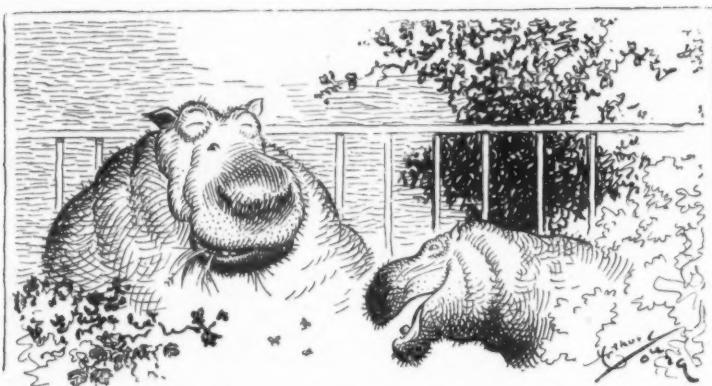
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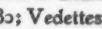
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